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THE MADISON SQUARE ROOF GARDEN.—DRAWN BY ALBERT E. STERNER.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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MR. CLEVELAND AS A CANDIDATE.

IT is universally agreed that the defeat of QUAY, PLATT, & Co. at Minneapolis, and of the HILL-Tammany conspiracy at Chicago, was a great gain for decent politics. It resulted in presenting two candidates personally irreproachable. The difference in the nominations was this, that Mr. HARRISON was put forward by a convention in which a large number of his own office-holders took part, and it was not a nomination of enthusiasm. Its significance was the maintenance of a respectable *status quo*. Mr. CLEVELAND'S was a nomination of preference and enthusiasm. It is alleged, however, that he is not so strong a candidate as before. But this seems to us a mistake. He is a stronger candidate than ever before. Certainly none of those who were mentioned as possible candidates could have impressed the country so favorably. The Republicans would have much preferred to see HILL, or GORMAN, or BOIES, or GRAY, or PALMER selected, because they would have been sure that none of them commands the same respect and confidence that attend Mr. CLEVELAND. No man after his retirement from the Presidency ever rose more steadily in public esteem and popularity. His course has been simple and dignified. Without presumption, as a private citizen necessarily conspicuous, his conduct has been modest and quiet, and as a speaker upon public occasions, even when of a party character, his tone has been that of a patriot rather than a partisan, and he has justly felt that although identified with a party, the propriety of his position demanded of him something more than mere partisanship.

He has confirmed this good impression by his courageous fidelity to his own convictions, notwithstanding that he was constantly declared by a large part of his party to be its candidate for the next nomination. His silver letter was thought by Democratic politicians friendly to him to be a wanton blow at his chances, like his tariff message. Yet, not only do acts of such manly honesty and courage confirm the hold of a public man upon the affection of his party, but these two have been of the utmost service to his party. The message made it a tariff reform party not in the air and vaguely, but positively and definitely, giving it what it had not had since the war, a distinctive policy in harmony with the party tradition and free from all complications growing out of the war. The Democratic denunciations of reconstruction as unconstitutional, and a general protest against the Republican policy of the war period, were as futile as the Democratic demand for reform in general with the Democratic party as the reform agency. Mr. CLEVELAND would not have been elected in 1884 except for personal dissatisfaction with Mr. BLAINE. But the advantage of the election for his party was incalculable. His administration removed the profound distrust of the party, it was quickened by a modern progressive spirit, and it gave the party a policy in accord with the convictions of an immense multitude of most intelligent and patriotic citizens.

This policy, nevertheless, it is said, defeated the party in 1888. But we are considering Mr. CLEVELAND'S personal hold. It is true that tariff reform as presented by him was defeated in 1888. But the consequent passage of the MCKINLEY bill, and the greater general familiarity with the character and results of the protective system, produced the astonishing reaction of 1890. If the results were less apparent in 1891, there is no question of the great advance of the tariff-reform sentiment since 1888; and there is no doubt that largely because of his identification with it and his constantly growing popularity, Mr. CLEVELAND was the instinctive and enthusiastic choice of his party as the leader in this campaign. At no point that we can see is he a weaker candidate, but everywhere he is stronger than in 1884 and 1888. He has a certain rugged honesty and plainness of character and speech which give him a popularity not shared by any other public man. The Republican papers ridicule his friends as idolaters. But the feeling at which they sneer is produced by a frank integrity which justifies and invites entire confidence. He seems to us to enter upon the campaign with greater personal popularity, and with a much wider public knowledge and approval of the issues that he represents, than ever before. Mr. CLARKSON goes so far as to say that the Republican struggle will be "desperate." It will not be settled theoretically, but practically. The individual voter will ask whether the cost of living has risen, and whether wages have risen proportionally. Figures and statistics may be marshalled skilfully in a clever plea. But if, when the country was young and poor, a very moderate rate of protection sufficed, why, when it is overflowingly rich and prosperous, is an enormous rate necessary? It is to be a campaign of education, but the facts of which the poorest man is conscious will be his teachers.

TAMMANY AND THE CAMPAIGN.

THE Democrats who suppose that because independent journals in general will support Mr. CLEVELAND, they will therefore "let up" on Tammany Hall are much mistaken. The object of such journals is honest government, and they do not make peace with the enemies of such government in order to carry an election. There could have been no greater error upon the part of independent voters than the support of Tammany and HILL last year to elect Mr. FLOWER Governor, and for honest Democratic voters it seems to us no less a mistake. When we said at that time that political independence did not mean unvarying support of the Democratic party, we were told that neither did it mean steady support of the Republican party. This, of course, was true, but our remark was addressed to those who thought it strange that HARPER'S WEEKLY, an independent journal, should support the Republican candidate for Governor, as if it might be expected to support, of course, the Democratic candidate. But in supporting that candidate it would have strengthened Tammany Hall, and whatever might be said of Mr. PLATT, the most dangerously corrupt influence was Tammany Hall.

In the present campaign Tammany Hall represents one kind of politics, Mr. CLEVELAND another. Its support of him as a candidate will not be in the least affected by what the independent press says or does. If Tammany believes that it can safely oppose his election, it will oppose it, and probably prevent it. But if it sees, as it probably does, that there is no possible way to prevent it which would not show Tammany to be cutting the party ticket, it will not dare to do it, because it would be driven from the councils of the party by the same spirit which opposed and conquered the compact and unyielding Tammany delegation to Chicago.

The temptation of Tammany will be very great. It is conceded that the vote of New York is probably essential to Mr. CLEVELAND'S election. The result, therefore, will be determined in the city of New York, and undoubtedly if Tammany should choose it could be determined adversely. All the big Tammany transparencies and meetings and banners and professions mean nothing whatever as to the real action of Tammany; and if every newspaper should praise its party loyalty, "swinging into line" and "leaving quarrels behind," and overflow with such cheap lingo until election, Tammany would defeat Mr. CLEVELAND unless it saw that his defeat would be inevitably brought home to it, and remorselessly avenged upon it in its own party. That is politics which Tammany understands. All other kinds it regards as moonshine. It is not an association to advance political principles. It is, as an eminent Democrat describes it, a conspiracy for plunder. There is no need of living in a fool's paradise. Tammany knows that the result of the political action of Democrats in this State, which culminated in the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND, means the overthrow of Tammany Hall, and it will strike just as vicious blows as it safely can.

THE PROSPECTS OF REFORM.

IT would have been futile for the Republican party to repeat its declaration of 1884 and 1888, and to assume to be a party of civil service reform. Its pledges upon the subject, made with solemn ostentation, have proved to be dicers' oaths. We do not mean, of course, that nothing has been achieved, even under Mr. HARRISON. But the impossibility of the Republican situation, to borrow a French phrase, was shown by the fact that the conduct of the campaign, the success of which was to enable the party to fulfil its solemn pledges, was intrusted in 1888 to Mr. QUAY, for whom Mr. WANAMAKER raised that handsome sum of money which was never accounted for, but the raising of which was followed by the entrance of Mr. WANAMAKER into the cabinet. The question is not whether anything has been done for reform by the Republican administration, but how many of the things that were promised the President has recommended, or the overwhelming Republican Congress authorized, or the party press urged and demanded in fulfilment of the pledges, and how many of them have been done. Inasmuch as none of them have been done, and as the Convention itself was controlled by spoils, it was wise for the Convention to make no further pretences, and to prefer no claim for its party as the party of reform. It took leave of the subject very curtly and contemptuously as follows: "We commend the spirit of evidence of reform in the civil service, and the wise and consistent enforcement by the Republican party of the laws regulating the same."

As the Republican party retires from the field as distinctively the party of reform, the Democratic party advances, reaffirming its declaration of 1876, which, we presume, was drawn by Mr. TILDEN. This is a statement of the reason and advantage of reform, but it was not coupled with any party engagement or proposed scheme of action. The distinction of the Republican reform plank of 1884 and 1888 lies in its specification of definite steps to be taken to advance reform, and as those steps have not been taken, to promise them for a third time would have been too ludicrous, and the plank was wisely dropped. The Democratic platform, however, is the most positive ever adopted by that party. It is as follows:

"Public office is a public trust. We reaffirm the declaration of the Democratic National Convention of 1876 for the reform of the civil service, and we call for the honest enforcement of all laws regulating the same. The nomination of a President, as in the recent Republican Convention, by delegations composed largely of his appointees, holding office at his pleasure, is a scandalous satire upon free popular institutions, and a startling illustration of the methods by which a President may gratify his ambition. We denounce a policy under which Federal office-holders usurp control of party conventions in the States, and we pledge the Democratic party to the reform of these and all other abuses which threaten individual liberty and local self-government."

To complete this plank, the declaration of the Convention of 1876 must be recalled:

"Reform is necessary in the civil service. Experience proves that efficient, economical conduct of the public business is not possible if its civil service be subject to change at every election, be a prize fought for at the ballot-box, be a brief reward of party zeal, instead of posts of honor assigned for proved competency, and held for fidelity in the public employ; that the dispensing of patronage should neither be a tax upon the time of all our public men nor the instrument of their ambition."

The Reform League itself could not have made a sounder declaration. The trouble was that no methods were proposed, and the only remedy suggested was voting for the Democratic party in the hope that its President would act in accordance with this statement. That, however, was rather too large a draft upon the public faith. But this year, after sixteen years of the immense advance of the reform in public approval, the declaration of 1876 is reaffirmed, and the party pledges itself to the correction of one of the worst abuses in the civil service, the interference of office-holders in elections. Moreover, Mr. CLEVELAND honestly believes the declaration of 1876. He did not renounce his faith under the tremendous pressure with which every President is beset; and although, as the League said at the time, his administration was not a civil service reform administration, yet despite his inconsistent action, the incessant agitation of the question left the reform sentiment in the country stronger at the end of his administration than it was at the beginning. It is too much to suppose that with the present feeling of the Democratic party Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration, however friendly to reform, would be, in the sense of the League, a civil service reform administration. But there is no doubt a President who should honestly enforce such a declaration as that made by the Democratic platform would be supported by the large and powerful public opinion, which sees in civil service reform an immediate and effective means of dealing with the corruption which is now the chief menace of our government.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

UPON one public question which the action of both conventions has made subordinate in this campaign—the silver question—the Democratic platform, upon the whole, is more satisfactory than the Republican. The question, although subordinated, is yet of such vital importance that had either of the parties declared for free silver coinage, it would have been beaten on that issue alone. It is subordinate only because both parties, aware of the strong anti-free-coinage sentiment, but anxious not to lose the free-silver votes, trim as closely and cautiously as possible. From this point of view the two platforms are interesting studies. The Republican says:

"The American people, from tradition and interest, favor bimetallism, and the Republican party demands the use of both gold and silver as standard money, with such restrictions and under such provisions, to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals, so that the purchasing and debt-paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold, or paper, shall be at all times equal. The interests of the producers of the country, its farmers and its working-men, demand that every

dollar, paper or coin, issued by the government shall be as good as every other. We commend the wise and patriotic steps taken by our government to secure an international conference to adopt such measures as will insure a parity of value between gold and silver for use as money throughout the world."

The Democratic declaration is as follows:

"We denounce the Republican legislation known as the SHERMAN act of 1890 as a cowardly makeshift, fraught with possibilities of danger in the future which should make all of its supporters, as well as its author, anxious for its speedy repeal. We hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both gold and silver without discriminating against either metal or charge for mintage, but the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, or be adjusted through international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as shall insure the maintenance of the parity of the two metals, and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payment of debts, and we demand that all paper currency shall be kept at par with and redeemable in such coin. We insist upon this policy as especially necessary for the protection of the farmers and laboring classes, the first and most defenceless victims of unstable money and a fluctuating currency."

The Republican free-silver Senators say that they are satisfied with the Republican plank, and as the reader considers both he will probably find himself saying: "While on the one hand, yet on the other." But the precise statement of the Democratic plank, "the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value," is the best thing in either of the planks. But the Democratic declaration falls behind that of Mr. CLEVELAND himself in his letter of February, 1891:

"If we have developed an unexpected capacity for the increased assimilation of a largely increased volume of this currency, and even if we have demonstrated the usefulness of such an increase, other conditions fall far short of insuring us against disaster if in the present situation we enter upon the dangerous, the reckless experiment of free, unlimited, and independent silver coinage."

This declaration was thought by many of his friends to have lost Mr. CLEVELAND the nomination. But it is such views, and the honest expression of them, and the public conviction of his courageous adhesion to them, which have won for him the general respect and confidence that make him so strong a candidate. There was a time during the winter when it seemed probable that the Democratic party would identify itself with the free-coinage heresy. But it did not; and the action of its Convention upon the subject, and the overwhelming nomination of the author of the letter, take the question out of the canvass, and practically out of reasonable legislative possibilities for the next five years. The successful candidate in the contest of the year, whether Mr. HARRISON or Mr. CLEVELAND, will be supported by a sentiment that will tolerate no tampering with the currency. The cautious tone of the platforms implies that there is supposed to be a large free-silver sentiment in the country. But the firm statement under all the careful trimming of form shows that the sound intelligence of both parties is agreed upon resistance to this sentiment, and that upon this question the controlling sentiment of both parties is essentially conservative.

THE DUTY OF A NEWSPAPER.

WE trust that in this campaign the *World* will maintain the distinction which it has justly won of presenting a truthful picture of the contest on both sides. The *World* supports Mr. CLEVELAND, but that is no reason that it should represent the HARRISON campaign as listless and dull, nor that it should deny enthusiasm to the HARRISON meetings, nor caricature the HARRISON speakers and speeches. Usually, to judge from the papers which espouse one or the other side, there is but one side, and the result was a foregone conclusion from the beginning.

The reader of the weekly edition of the London *Times* during the present exciting campaign in England will need no other paper to furnish him with a fair picture of its progress. Every morning he will find the chief speeches on both sides accurately reported, with the most truthful accounts of the size and spirit of the meetings. The *Times* is not friendly to Mr. GLADSTONE, but it will open its columns to all that he says, and neither belittle nor satirize his meetings. The feeling of the crowds and their reception of the orators will be photographed, so that the reader will know that he understands the situation.

This is the function of a great newspaper. This is to be a mirror of the times. Whatever the editorial sympathies of a paper may be, if it permits them to distort and misrepresent the news, it abuses its trust. Yet in the heat of a political campaign how many newspapers are guiltless of that abuse?

THE BORUP AFFAIR.

AFTER the circumstances in Chili, which seemed to inculpate officers of our navy in communicating intelligence to the BALMACEDA faction in the civil war, it is unpleasant to know that Captain BORUP, military attaché to our legation at Paris, has been peremptorily recalled at the request of the French government upon a dishonorable charge. The matter will be thoroughly investigated, of course, but the alleged admissions of Captain BORUP are very serious.

A clerk in the national archives was accused of supplying the German and Italian governments with plans of French coast defences. He is stated to have confessed his guilt, and to have accused Captain BORUP of buying the plans and selling them to Germany and Italy. Mr. COOLIDGE, our Minister, has informed M. RIBOT, the French Foreign Minister, that Captain BORUP admits having paid for secret official documents, but declares that he did only what all military attachés do. M. RIBOT very truly answered that if it were a general custom, it was most deplorable, and that Captain BORUP deserves censure, and for offering money to obtain state secrets he would be prosecuted if he were not in the diplomatic service. The War Department at Washington very properly declines to suppose Captain BORUP to be guilty.

It would be very extraordinary if, as Captain BORUP is alleged to have stated, it were a general practice among military attachés to buy secret information of this kind. The army is supposed to cherish a very high sense of honor. But all the dishonor that attaches to a spy certainly belongs to an officer who uses the opportunity which an official relation gives him to obtain surreptitiously information which in every frank and honorable way would be inaccessible to him. Mr. COOLIDGE, with the instinct of a gentleman, agreed with M. RIBOT that the practice was deplorable, whether it was general or not. It is an interesting inquiry, as the *Herald* suggests, if an intimation from France that an attaché of our legation was disagreeable to her led to his immediate recall, why Mr. EGAN, Minister in Chili, whom with the most abundant reason Chili declares to be disagreeable to her, should be persistently retained in that country.

A GREAT ABUSE PLAINLY EXPOSED.

THERE is no more fearless, persistent, and effective advocate of reform in this country than the *Civil Service Chronicle*, edited by LUCIUS B. SWIFT, and published in Indianapolis. Its last number is largely devoted to a detailed exposure of the shameful manner in which the spoils system dominated the Republican National Convention. This number of the *Chronicle* is a conclusive argument against a second term for any President. It is a scathing picture of the conduct of a President who, having made solemn pledges to do what he could "to avert the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage," used the whole power of the patronage to secure his own renomination. Such a course, under our system, is playing with loaded dice.

Mr. SWIFT was profoundly dissatisfied with Mr. CLEVELAND's course in regard to the civil service, and he voted for Mr. HARRISON in 1888. But the *Chronicle* now says:

"We have devoted much space this month to uncovering the motive power which successfully operated the Republican National Convention beginning at Minneapolis, June 7th. The spoils system was in its full fruition. The successful candidate was successful because, through his henchmen, he had the Convention literally by the throat. One hundred and forty place-holders, at the lowest estimate, had votes. On the best authority, at least three thousand other place-holders gathered around, and bore down opposition. All these were led by a place-holder who makes thirty or forty thousand dollars a year out of his place, and who came specially from London for this purpose. The whole was superintended by the President, who had wires connecting the White House with the Convention, and who, as the Indianapolis *Journal* puts it, was busy 'sending and receiving communications from the seat of war.' It is to be hoped that our United States executive government has now reached its lowest point of degradation. It would not seem that political pirates and buccaneers could get or would want greater power."

The Democratic platform says with great pertinence, and expresses a strong and swiftly increasing opinion: "The nomination of a President, as in the recent Republican Convention, by delegations composed largely of his appointees, holding office at his pleasure, is a scandalous satire upon free popular institutions, and a startling illustration of the methods by which a President may gratify his ambition. We denounce a policy under which Federal office-holders usurp control of party conventions in the States, and we pledge the Democratic party to the reform of these and all other abuses which threaten individual liberty and local self-government." This is as good a profession and pledge as those of the Republican platform in 1888, and should the Democrats succeed they will be judged by their fidelity to them, as the Republicans have been.

THE MURDER IN COURT.

THE shooting of MAX CLERGET by EDWARD DIVIN in the Court of General Sessions in New York was an incident without precedent in the city. Upon some savage frontier, where civilization is really unknown, such an act would not be surprising; and here fortunately it is doubtful whether the assassin was responsible. CLERGET had pleaded guilty to an assault upon DIVIN's sister, a girl of fifteen, then withdrew the plea, and the judge remanded him that he might consider the matter, and as CLERGET was passing out in charge of the officer, DIVIN rose, leaned forward, and placing a revolver against CLERGET's left breast, shot him dead.

It was an appalling tragedy. If the man was guilty, he was in the hands of the law, and there was no doubt that he would be fairly tried and punished. There was no more excuse for shooting him than there is in every similar case, and if such an act is to be extenuated or justified as due to the natural emotion of a brother, let such offences be excepted from the control of the law, and abandoned to the vengeance of some relation of the victim. There is no question of the brutish enormity of the crime. But public sentiment does not demand that it shall be capitally punished, and so long as that is true, it is a false assertion that the deliberate murder of the offender, especially when in the power of the law, is condoned by public opinion.

A few weeks ago in Port Jervis a mob seized a colored man who was charged with a similar crime and hung him. The hanging was justified in some quarters as an act of the people. But not only is not a mob the people, but had it been the people, there was no justification for the act. Under strong exasperation men will occasionally commit crimes, or, as the phrase is, take the law into their own hands. Circumstances may extenuate the individual offence, but to condone it upon a general principle, and to justify the shooting by one man of another who has foully wronged his sister as an incident to be expected in a community which does not properly punish such a crime, is to make every man the judge whether the awards of the law are what they ought to be, and if not, then to inflict what he considers a proper penalty.

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AN EARTHLY PARAGON.

By EVA WILDER McGLASSON, Author of "Diana's Livery."

V.

WHEN Sylvia came down stairs for supper she found young Mr. Bylands smoking by himself in the office. The single oil-lamp, fortified with a reflector, cast a streak of light on him, revealing to Sylvia such details of his personality as the evening gloom had hidden. He had an athletic figure, the carriage of which was particularly good. His brown eyes, with folded under-lids, looked strangely light in the copper tones of his face. As Sylvia came to know his ways, it seemed to her that he never sat without tilting his chair, and that he was always smoking. His expression commonly indicated composure, suggesting both sulkiness and dignity. When things went wrong, his mouth, in a marked way, disclosed nervous irritability.

"It looks as if I have got back just in time to show you what kind of amusements we have down here in Casey," he said, handing Sylvia a chair. "Does smoke annoy you? Thanks. A man tells me there is a social to-night across the creek at John Whitby's. Would you care to go?"

"Oh yes!" said Sylvia, eagerly. She set one foot in a buckled slipper on the scaling stove-guard. Her hands were clasped as she leaned forward. "I should like it very much," she said.

"We'll go about seven o'clock," said Bylands, without much active concern.

Sylvia regarded him almost curiously. He was certainly not burdened with a sense of deference.

"Do you live in Chamouni?" she asked presently.

"Oh yes; but I'm away a good deal looking after timber and making contracts. When I'm home I board with the Duncans—that brown house beyond the office."

"I suppose you are glad to be away most of the time?"

"Well, Chamouni is a paradise compared to places where I've been," said Delk.

He told in an off-hand way of certain experiences he had had in wild timber districts, and his mention of these things invested him with an intimation of daring and peril. Sylvia listened intently as he spoke of winter nights spent from dark till dawn among the rushing logs of a rising river, when a sudden "tide" had put the boom in danger.

He had a graphic fashion of speech which made Sylvia hear the whirl of the black water and the shouts of the log-men, and see the frosty stars overhead mix their pale light with the flare of the lanterns and fire-baskets along shore.

Some men came into the office presently, and Bylands joined in talk with them, assuming an air of unconcern which Sylvia felt. He sat restlessly moving his feet.

She decided that he wished to impress her with the fact that her presence did not embarrass him.

"He is afraid I will take him for one of the villagers," thought Sylvia, catching at his mental attitude, which seemed to her the proof of some spiritual slightness. "I wonder," she debated, "if my own sense of insufficiency is what makes me so alive to other people's thready traits?"

She furtively studied Delk. He managed to give her a kind of trepidation such as she had felt in listening to the efforts of a young singer. She was tremulous with looking for a break, fearing that he would say something which would make interest in him rather difficult.

"I'll git along all right," said Captain Bylands, when Sylvia mentioned their plans for the evening. "You take good care of her, Delk. Thar's a creek to cross and a high fence to climb."

"Oh, then I shall not wear my best gown," said Sylvia. "Will this be good enough, Mr. Bylands?"

The captain had disliked her black clothes, and she had put them by. She wore to-night something which made Delk think of lilacs when they slip into blossom against the pale verdancy of spring. It seemed to be gathered a good deal about the waist, and to fall over at the neck in a sort of flounce.

"Mighty lot of stuff wasted in thet thar frock," criticised the captain, pulling at the full sleeves.

"It has to make up for my lacks," smiled Sylvia.

Her uncle chuckled. "You wouldn't do to send for a missionary, Sylvia; wouldn't be a mouthful."

"But I should be very good, what there is of me," protested Sylvia, gravely, tying a scarf over her black head. "The nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat."

It was pitch-dark as she and Bylands stepped into the night. The stars looked small and far, mere pin-points in the stretched woof of the sky. The lantern in Delk's hand cast a swaying blur of orange on the road, and ahead of them other lanterns pulsing in the darkness appeared to bristle with fiery quills. The sound of running water presently broke the stillness.

"A little branch of Knob Lick which we have to cross," explained Bylands. "Let me try the plank first."

He set a tentative foot on the board laid across the creek, which in the lantern-light seemed to gush with blood. Sylvia stepped forward, holding his hand. A high fence lifted just beyond.

"It's smooth travelling after we climb this," Bylands said. "I will get over first."

He vaulted across the black rails, and waited while Sylvia mounted them slowly, troubled with her skirts and long cloak.

"Do you suppose you can lift me down?" she asked from the top, glancing at him with a feigned doubtfulness.

Her face shone with a strange witchery, its soft pallor rounded into shape upon the thick gloom. Bylands laughed as he set her down.

"You're about as heavy as a shadow!" he said.

They were crossing a pasture, which felt miry to the tread. Weird shadows hung around them, and the lantern flare gave way-side fences an odd effect of movement; the rails seemed to leap forward and wind themselves in snakelike coils, which in a moment, without gradations of shade, were blotted out. Presently a great barn loomed upon Sylvia's eye. Numbers of buggies stood about, and horses tied to the fence turned their heads at the approaching light, one ponderous dapple-gray looking as if cut from granite, with the chisel marks on his flanks. A large house stood ahead, its door opening to admit some one in advance. A deep step led into a bare hall in which a group of young men were talking. The girl on the threshold exclaimed at sight of Bylands.

"Mighty glad to see you back," she cried. And then, as he stepped aside, disclosing Sylvia's figure, a little stare of surprise came into her face. "Oh!" she said, hastily, "I thought it was—I thought of course it was—"

"Let me introduce Miss Sylvia Bylands," interrupted Delk; "Miss Whitby."

Miss Whitby bowed stiffly, her blank, maidenly face modest and virginal to an almost featureless degree in its nest of pale red hair.

"Walk up steers," she said; and Sylvia, following her direction, found herself in an upper hall giving upon a great room, in each corner of which a plump bed heaved itself like a snow-drift.

The edges of these were piled with young women. A group about the stove gave over a laughing talk as Sylvia came in. One, a large white-faced girl, with arms like links of sausage, crossed the floor.

"Give me your things," she said.

Sylvia unfastened her wrap, glancing around at the rag carpeting and deal walls. Several chests were ranged along the sides of the room. A lamp with a red wick burned importantly on a stand below a small mirror.

The white-faced girl observed Sylvia. "Ain't you Cap'n Bylands' niece?" she asked.

And when Sylvia said yes, she twisted her head approvingly.

"I 'lowed you must be," she advanced. "Who carried you over?"

"Who—"

"—Carried you over from Mis' Lichens's? Did you come with the crowd?"

"Oh, Mr. Delk Bylands brought me."

The white-faced girl looked a trifle surprised. "Oh—bein' kin—I reckon," she debated, taking Sylvia's cloak. When she came back she inclined herself confidentially, and asked, "Will you whiten?"

Sylvia felt a little helpless. The sight of a box of powder in the hands of a girl who stood before the mirror served to enlighten her perceptions.

"I suppose I had better 'whiten,'" thought Sylvia. "They may be offended if I don't."

She shook a whiff or two of chalk about her face.

Delk was waiting for her in the hall.

"There are twenty-three girls in there," said Sylvia, solemnly; "and some of them are very good-looking. The queerest thing about them is that though they all seem young, they don't look young. Their faces have a kind of sharpness—a sort of prematurity. What makes it?"

Bylands, never having noticed this effect, made no effort at an explanation of its probable causes. He only realized what she meant in his perception of her own variance. She seemed soft and fine and singularly youthful, while the others had the stolid keenness which results from an open life in which no careful delicacy intervenes to shield the mind from bald facts.

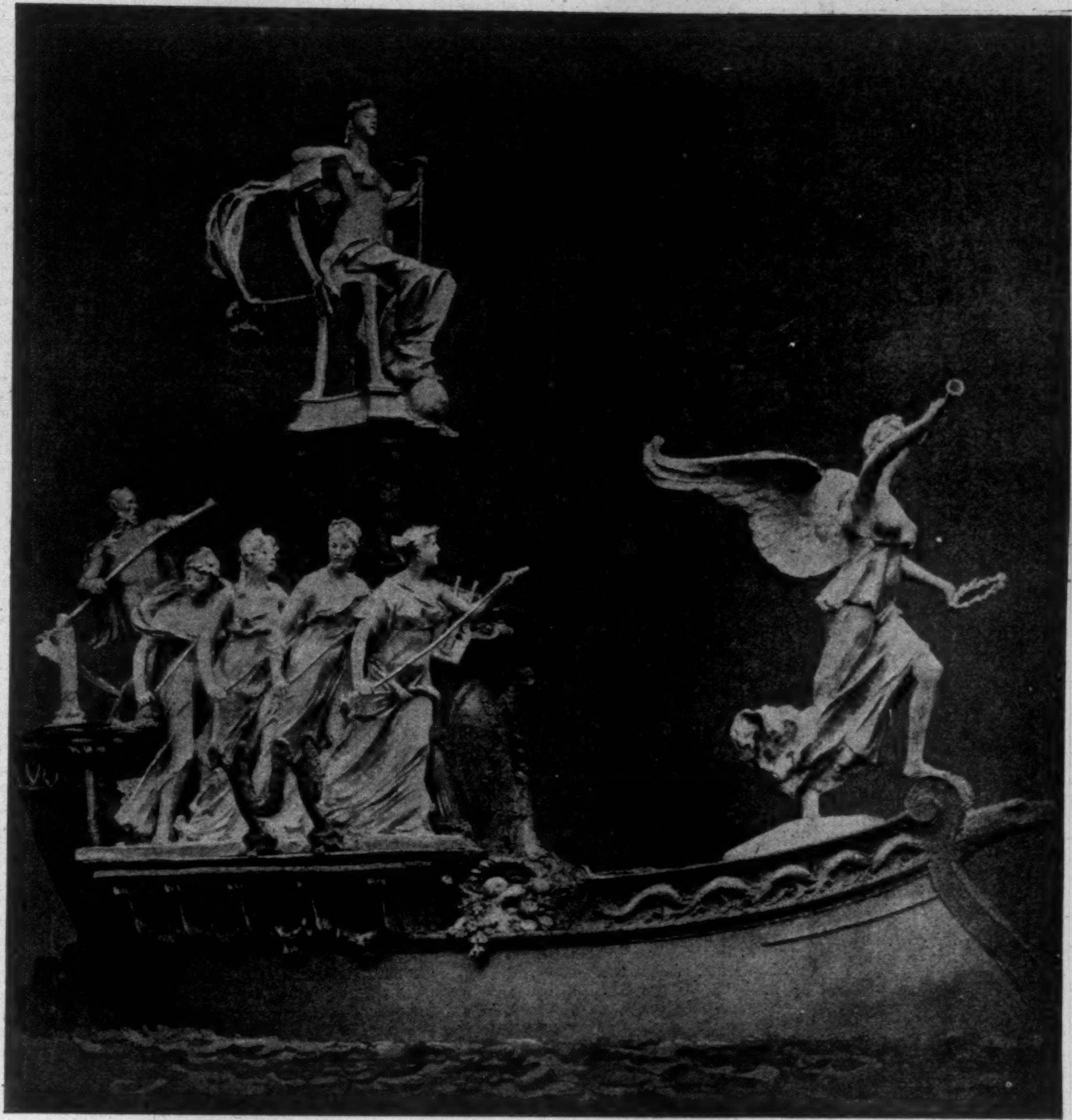
(*Continued on page 661.*)

BLUE-FISHING OFF FIRE ISLAND.

Few persons in the neighborhood of New York with any fondness for the gentle sport have failed to experience something of what Mr. Burns has depicted in his sketch of a cat-boat loaded with fishermen and all trolling for blue-fish. The banks off Fire Island are quite accessible to people of the metropolitan district by means of the railways on Long Island to Babylon, and thence across the waters of the Great South Bay. And these waters are so filled with fish of various sorts that he is an unlucky angler indeed who is not able almost any day to find some kind of profitable sport. This is so well understood that on the Long Island side of the bay—which is formed by the long stretch of beach on the ocean side of Long Island known to geographers as Fire Island and the Great South Bay Beach—there are a great many fishing-club houses where during the summer the members spend much time. This is also true of the islands within the bay. The most famous of these islands is called Jesse Conkling's, or Captree, Island. It was here that the Tile Club (of pleasant memories) disported itself, and decorated the whitewashed walls of Mr. Conkling's tavern with charcoal sketches wonderful to behold.

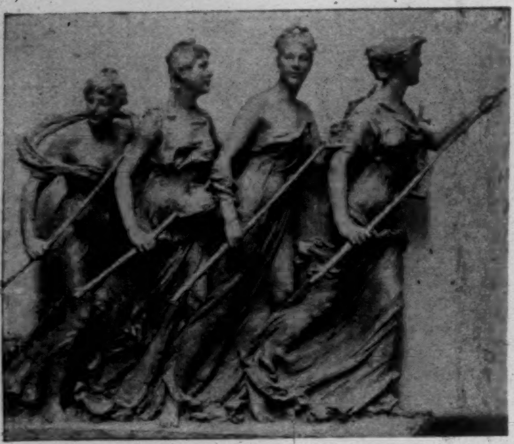
From these convenient club-houses and inns the fishermen can go forth whenever the conditions seem propitious. The most sportsmanlike way to pursue the blue-fish is by what is known as chumming. This is so well known a method that it is scarcely worth describing. The "chum," or bait, consists of fish cut up into pieces after it has got somewhat high. This is thrown overboard, and floats on the surface. To this the blue-fish rise, and as baited hooks are also cast into the water with the "chum," the greedy blue-fish unwittingly take these in their eagerness. Merely to put lines over and haul in the fish as fast as they are hooked is not sport in any proper sense. That is the way the fishermen do who are fishing for the markets; and they are perfectly right, too, for they are not out for fun, but are pursuing a hard and arduous calling for coin, and what that will bring. But the sportsman will prefer when chumming to use a light rod, say ten or twelve ounces. With this, when he gets a four or five pound blue-fish, he can have as much sport as he would with a black bass. The blue-fish is decidedly game, and will make a hard fight before he is landed. The conditions for chumming are not, however, always favorable, and then the fisherman will troll instead. To troll, as the men in Mr. Burns's picture are doing, the boat is sailed back and forth over the banks, and kept as nearly as possible within the school of fish. A spoon, or even bait, is used near the hook, and this is drawn through the water with the motion of the boat. The fish strikes at the shining spoon or tempting bait, and is hooked. In this way, too, sport can be had by the use of the reel after the fish is hooked, but it is not so frequent as when chumming.

But whether the fishing be good or not, a sail in one of those very seaworthy and easily handled cat-boats that belong to the Great South Bay is always pleasant. One cannot be sure, of course, that all will be plain and smooth sailing, for just outside the protected waters of the bay the sea has a way of its own of getting very choppy, so that the cat-boat bobs up and down like a cork. Then those who are not good sailor-men must prepare to do their duty and pay their respectful tributes to Neptune. But smooth water being near, such illnesses do not last long, nor do they hurt. Men who have had such an experience have wondered how soon the dread *mal de mer* passed away, and that also in a very short time they were hungry for the recently caught fish, which is broiled in a fashion in these various clubs and taverns that no city cook ever manages to learn.



MACMONNIES FOUNTAIN FOR THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.—[See Page 654.]

TROLLING FOR BLUE-FISH OFF FIRE ISLAND, NEW YORK.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.



SIDE FIGURES OF THE MACMONNIES FOUNTAIN.

THE FAIR FOUNTAIN.

One of the most beautiful and conspicuous features in the Columbian Exposition grounds will be the electric fountain that is now being constructed at the head of the basin. This work of art will sit at the head of the grand court, just before the main entrance to the Administration Building. It will be the largest affair of its kind that has yet been attempted, and the play of the water, it is promised, will far surpass in beauty and intricacy any fountain of the sort ever seen in America. New-Yorkers will remember the gorgeousness of the Wiman fountain that played some years on Staten Island. This fountain was purchased by Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, of Chicago, and reconstructed in Lincoln Park. But it is purely spectacular, and its purpose is confined solely to the display at night.

The fountain at the fair grounds, however, while surpassing the Wiman work in the beauty of its night effects, will also add the charm of noble statuary and the splendor of its day display. The sculpture work has been done by Macmonnies in Paris, and is pronounced to be really noble by those critics that have seen it. It will certainly furnish a most valuable addition to the beauties of the grand court, and its commanding position before the Administration Building has not been idly assigned to it.

It was the intention of the managers of the Electricity Building to construct an electrical fountain in the centre of that department, but this idea was abandoned when the Macmonnies fountain was decided upon.

AL FRESCO IN NEW YORK.

With the close of the regular theatrical season comes a fresh thirst among the people for amusement. It is the time of year when those who cater to the public taste for summer attractions devise light operas, concerts, spectacular productions, and the like. Formerly Coney Island and adjacent resorts marked the Mecca of our summer pleasure-seekers on a warm night; but now, when theatres advertise the atmosphere cooled by iced air, and have even been known to hand around ice-cream between acts, a trip to Coney, even on a fine night by one of the iron steamboats, seems like an unnecessary effort after recreation.

The latest fad is the roof garden. It is surprising, however, that *al fresco* entertainments have been so long in finding a foothold in our large cities, and particularly in the metropolis, where the population is so heterogeneous, and possesses, besides, such a large foreign element accustomed to seek after just such an out-door existence. This does not apply merely to concert gardens, but also to our great restaurants. Why should they not imitate their Parisian prototypes, and give us that *diner sur le trottoir* so dear to the Continental heart? We have the *trottoir* wide enough in front of many of our hotels, and the people are at hand eager to take advantage of this mode of refection *al fresco* were it spread before them.

The visitor to Paris, if he knows the "ropes," never fails to make a tour of the *cafés chantants* which hedge in and about the Champs Élysées; no more would the well-posted man have "done" London without several visits to the Pavilion, Aquarium, Alhambra, and such like; and at the present writing, if he did not know "ta-ra-ra-boom-deay!" and Miss Lottie Collins, he would be accounted a "hayseed" by every well-bred man of his acquaintance. With us, the *café chantant* of Paris, *i. e.*, the Music Hall of London, has led heretofore a somewhat checkered existence. It has generally been held by our local officials that "beer and music" do not mix. In London their *café chantant* is not *al fresco*, but in-doors. We have heretofore followed closely in the footsteps of our London brethren, and give most of our summer shows in the heat and glare of an enclosed theatre building, but now we have two roof gardens, with their attendant variety shows, and the innovation in both cases is a howling success. This town, for the time being, has gone "roof-garden" daft. Truth to tell, the newcomer is not without attractiveness, and deserves *per se* the hearty welcome extended to him.

The Casino has for several years had a roof garden, but the space is so small that barely more than a handful of people can be accommodated; and even then, in its infancy, its patronage was not more than fair; but since the "variety show" has been added, this and the roof garden at the Madison Square Building have been "throwing them away every night." The latter occupies that portion of the building fronting on Madison Avenue, and directly over the main entrance and the café. It is very tastefully illuminated by multicolored electric lamps set in iron arches. These and growing plants, together with the bright costumes of the ladies seated at the tables, walking, or standing about, make a very pretty and effective bit of *al fresco* realism. The stage has a true Grecian setting, and with its three red boxes filled with cacti or palms, reminds one very forcibly indeed of some old Athenian theatre, but *en miniature*. As to the "show" itself, it consists largely of a young lady who waves about her head several yards of diaphanous skirting, and in such a manner as to convey to the on-looker the impression that she is very coy and bashful. Just whether she succeeds is an open question. The arrangement of the calcium lights for the so-called "serpentine dance"—just why "serpentine" is not clear—is certainly very effective, and seems to be the most attractive feature of the lady's performance.

What about the people who frequent the roof gardens and kindred resorts? Who are they, what do they look like, and why do they go? The audiences can be set down at once as being first-class in character and demeanor, and one and all out for an evening's pleasure jaunt, free to go and come at their pleasure, to sit at the little round tables, sipping a very harmless lemonade or even beer for the ladies, while little carafes filled with an amber-colored fluid dispense refreshment for the sterner sex. There is a continual rattle of glasses between the numbers on the programme, and hurrying hither and thither of white-aproned waiters, much cigar and cigarette smoke, much laughter and good-natured applause for the performers.

The audience is nothing at all if not hilarious and convivial. One and all have come there to be amused, too ready, perhaps, to think of discriminating; but a roof-garden and its concomitant "variety show" are not intended for disquisitive reflection; one must be light-hearted, *insouciant*, as the Frenchman says, and everything that happens upon such an evening and at such an entertainment "goes" without question. When the "skirt-dancer" appears, the entire assemblage not only rises to its feet for a good look at those weaving skirts, but stands upon the chairs and the flower-boxes, and frequently ladies will not decline to be held into a good place for seeing all by the strong arm of lover or husband. Naturally those who have no chairs, and those again who cannot capture a flower-box nor climb to a vantage point along the iron arches, are blocked out of viewing all of the performance; this brings to the fore the man who cries feebly, "Sit down in front!" to two thousand absorbed fellow-men, and is looked upon by his companions in misery as a public benefactor, and by the man who can see everything as a public nuisance. Some are sarcastic, and view this standing upon chairs to see one woman flirt her skirts about her head as the final touch to idiocy.

"John, can you see anything?" said a lady to her companion.

"Lots!" replied John, sententiously.

"You can? What?"

"One thousand idiots standing upon one thousand chairs!"

"Oh, is that all?"

Just at this juncture a gentleman in front vacated his chair in favor of John's lady, who as promptly stepped upon it, to the intense amusement of all the initiated. John just managed to raise his hat, and bit his mustache, chewing the cud of repentance and reflection. Meanwhile the lady had an admirable view of the stage, but, according to John's standard, there was one more idiot.

But "*al fresco* in New York" is not confined alone to the roof-gardens of the Casino and Madison Square Building, the latter with its tower and minarets ablaze with electric lights. There is the Kiralfy's Eldorado at Weehawken, with its great spectacular show; exhibitions of fireworks and music also at Manhattan Beach. Those who cannot afford the luxury of these places—and their number is as the sands upon the ocean's shore—they seek their *al fresco* upon the benches in the Park and in the public squares, and when not within reach of these, they sit out upon the docks, and watch the black waters of the river.

What we need is more *al fresco* life, with good music, and just a little skirt-dancing; and it must be good, very good, to go at all. I hope the roof-garden has come to stay, and that it is not one of those ephemeral fads which our people raise up so suddenly, and then drop with unmatched celerity. It means a cheap inoffensive recreation, and ought to find lasting favor with our public. It is a good lounging-ground for the man about town, the man whose wife is in the mountains, and the man and his wife who have come from the provinces to see the sights of the metropolis.

Harry P. Mawson.

THE WASHINGTON NEGRO.

It is the negro population of Washington that makes it almost a foreign city to the stranger from the North. Not many years ago a newly created editor of a daily newspaper made an official journey to the capital. His predecessor was his father, one of the foremost journalists of his time. It had been the great man's custom to visit the political leaders of the country in the scenes of their activity, in order to learn there of the purposes and intrigues of the statesmen whom he favored or opposed. The young man nobly resolved to follow his father's example; but when he began to put down the incidents and scenes of his trip that most interested him, he found himself writing an account of the black people whom he had seen—the friendly little newsboys; the tattered children playing in the streets and sliding down the cellar doors; the stalwart lazy porters and draymen; the fat and self-respectful "aunties"; the trim and saucy serving-maids; the yellow dandies; the thoughtful preachers, with their affectation of erudition; the dignified leaders of society. There was a good deal of praiseworthy human nature in this, and it is not to be wondered at that the young man who began by preferring the picturesque to politics has made a successful manager of a newspaper.

Mr. Reinhart has given us one of the black street Arabs of the capital. Here is a small remnant of the days of slavery. His father and mother may have been free, indeed; but even then they and he bring back the days when the race was held in bondage under the very shadows of the national Capitol. The chances are that they were free, for great poverty is hardly compatible with descendence from old slaves. These began life very far in advance of those who had been free. As they still say of themselves, they had "better bringin's up." They had the advantage of copying the manners of their masters and mistresses, and knew what real living meant. They firmly declined to class themselves with the people of whom they contemptuously speak as "low black niggers."

But whether the black of Washington was free or slave, or the offspring of bondmen or freemen, he is kindly treated at the capital, treated as we treat irresponsible children, and with that feeling, too, of friendliness that one cannot help entertaining for those that afford amusement and add to the pleasures of life. One can see how much confidence this treatment has inspired in the race by the pertness of the newsboy's request, "Read me sumpin to holler, boss." There are no white newsboys in Washington, hardly any white street Arabs, or at least so very few as to make only a small spot of high light in the general picture. All this shouting, eager life scrambles along on two bare black legs, with gaping shirts and ruptured hats, with eager laughing face and shining teeth, with big black eyes and innate tendency to small peculations, but with the utmost confidence in the sympathy of the white people. So you shall not find a Washington newsboy sullenly demanding a cent, and then shrinking away as if expecting a blow, but you shall hear him ask you for a few pennies "jes to help me buy a few papers to start wid," in a tone of voice that betrays faith that few white men will decline to advance him the necessary capital.

This touching confidence of the simple-minded people, this childlike faith in what they persistently regard as the superior race, pervades all classes of the blacks until you come to the top layer, to the people at the head of the first society, to Mr. Douglass and the lawyers and doctors, the school-teachers and the preachers. These were the associates and friends of the negro Representatives and Senators who once made their way to Congress, but who have departed with the restoration of native white rule in the Southern States. Among these will be found old family servants who have been left a little property by their former masters, and some of the more important messengers in the departments, especially in the State Department. Deference is still a characteristic trait among these, but when a black man is a recognized social force in his race, and especially if he is a professional man, he approaches his white neighbor not humbly, but with a certain amount of self-respect and independence, as one who believes that when communication is necessary between the two, it should be conducted on the level plane of equality. There is no intrusion into the white circle, but in dealings between the races, the educated black man is a mediator in behalf of his lowlier brethren, and assumes towards them the patronizing superiority that may be rightly felt by the intellectual equal of the whites.

The leading negroes of the capital have their own society, and the other negroes are justly proud of them. They live in good houses, they have comfortable incomes, some of them ride in their carriages, their women folk have regular reception days and dress themselves in silks and satins, often employing the dressmakers of their race who cut and sew for their white neighbors. They have their churches, modest but substantial—Methodist, Baptist, and Roman Catholic chiefly—and they like good loud preaching, hearty singing, and much splendor. These churches are sources of constant enjoyment, and theological discussion is an ever-flowing wellspring of pleasure to the negro man or woman.

Like the conventional New England, the life of many of the negroes of Washington centres around the Church. The preacher is not always respected for himself, but his gift of speech and his power of lung are objects of great admiration. As for the church buildings, they are always spoken of affectionately and warmly as "she" even when they are designated by men's names.

"How's de John Wesley been a-gettin' on sence I's ben away?" asked one old woman of another.

"Oh, she done got her old wooden front tore out, and done got herself a new brick front."

"An' what's John Wesley 2d ben a doin' wif herse'f?"

"She done got herse'f painted red."

It will not be many years before the negro shanties in the heart of the city will disappear. They are already giving way to the march of wealth and splendor. In the northwestern part of the town, small lanes dart suddenly away from broad avenues, and out of the rear windows of fine houses there are visions of small wooden dwellings, some of them hovels, and some of them neat with paint and whitewash. Out of the lanes come trim girls with baskets containing some one's washing, or tumultuous small children, or the man who has made himself famous by crying through the streets: "I'm talkin' 'bout debiled crabs." A few modest homes of the thriftier negroes linger in the fashionable thoroughfares of Massachusetts Avenue and Sixteenth Street. Since fashion made its entrance into this quarter of the city, the black men who were fortunate enough to purchase property there have held on to it with the tenacity of faith that fate has determined that they shall be as rich as the richest. So they will not sell until they are compelled by the stress of circumstance, which means, in this instance, the increase of taxes. Even then there are difficulties in the way, for the negroes are a happy-go-lucky people who have little knowledge of the forms of law, so that their property descends and passes from hand to hand without much regard to the laws governing the transfer of land. Consequently, titles are not always good, and the prudent white man who is desirous of building what the newspapers call a "palatial residence," does not like to invest his money in a piece of ground which, peradventure, may eventually turn out to belong to some one else than his grantor.

And yet the march of improvement does not drive out the negro, and they who know the race best, who understand them, who appreciate their kindliness and loyalty, their gentle willingness and their intelligence, would be the last to wish to see this picturesque element of Washington's population disappear or diminish. The black laborer, with his charm of bats' bones or his lucky horseshoe hanging to his leather strop; the excellent cook, who differs from many of her white rivals in having a palate that enjoys her own food; the courteous man-servant, the dignified remainder of a departed aristocracy; the advancing intellectual leaders of their race, whose careers are interesting to all students of their kind—may be driven out of the ways of fashion, but may they long linger in their own quarter, illustrating what has been done for the African by mere contact with American civilization, even when that contact was of the slave with his master!

Henry Loomis Nelson.

AN APPEAL FOR JUSTICE.

Not long ago the press despatches said that shyster lawyers in the Indian Territory were making legal raids on the Cheyennes. The Indians now have their lands in severalty, and a new assortment of trouble and care with them. The famine, the small-pox, the pneumonia, the strong-water, and the Texas cowboy had nearly done for them; but now the frontier lawyer gets in his talons, and the end is nigh. The Indians did what Indians always do in these latter days, head straight for a United States army officer and pour out their tale of woe. The army officer protests that he can do nothing; but he sets the complaint going "through military channels," and finally it comes plump up against the solid wall of divided authority in Washington, and as a living subject ceases to exist. It is henceforth history—one of the pages of a dead and forgotten past.

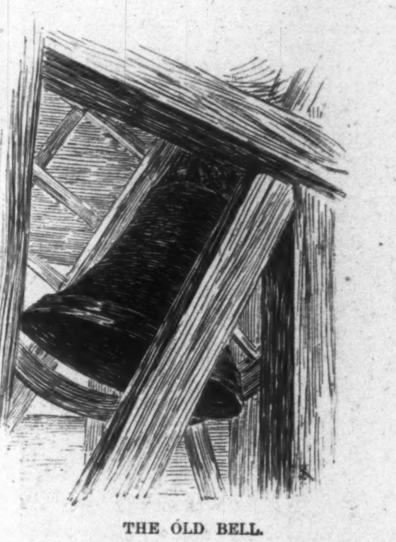
Meanwhile the wronged Indian goes back to his tepee and waits. White people try to explain the process of common law to him, and, of course, every one starts in by admitting that he has "gotten the worst of it." The Indian does not submit readily, that being a virtue only developed by the highest evolution of civilization. To the Indian it does not matter whether it is constitutional or unconstitutional. The common law mixes things hopelessly when it subverts his natural rights, and the application of statutes which puts sharp stones in his path simply cap the climax. Then his

agent, if he has his ward's interest at heart, does what he can; but civil bureaus do things in such a roundabout, day-after-to-morrow new ruling, red-tape and pigeon-hole way that the relief comes tardily, if at all. What the Indian wants is simply one white man in the whole white race who can say to him, "you can do this," or "you can do that," and who will not habitually lie to him. The agent refers to Washington, and the matter referred is given a decent burial. The white soldier raises his right hand ever so little, speaks short and sharp, and the thing is done. The Indian appreciates the difference, but cannot understand why General Nelson Miles cannot straighten out whatever is crooked in his whole world of woes.

The land-in-severalty scheme is a very good scheme, but under the lax and shiftless civil administration it will open up a new field of trouble for our red brother beside which the predatory cowboy, the whiskey-peddler, and the misappropriated beef issue were as nothing. He will now have to deal with the frontier lawyer and the trafficking person who is "not there for his health," and when he encounters their diabolical cunning and matchless imposture, he will come out of the tussel with, it is to be hoped, the primitive fig-leaf at least. The white man's "forever" will grow to a very much shorter time, and he will come to recognize in the law of the land an enemy whose armor he cannot pierce.

The soldier says nothing, but he lives with the Indian, and he thinks what fine soldiers they make, and how well we succeed with him when we get a chance. The soldier never tells him what is not so, or promises what he cannot fulfil. When Mr. Lo gets in trouble he appears at headquarters and states his case. When Mr. Lo troubles any one else, the soldier slips a 45 into his Springfield, and subsequently slips it into the hide of Mr. Lo. Both of these proceedings inspire respect in the mind of the Indian, who is by no means a fool, and readily appreciates when he is treated properly and with justice.

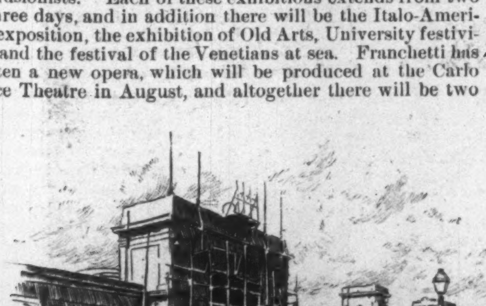
The Sioux and Apaches were always more intelligent in their dealings with the white race than any of the other tribes. When too much constitutionality and law and statutes were run in on them by the white men, they just saddled up the big pony and got out their Winchesters and left a smoking waste and heaps of white carrion in their wake. Then the commission which came out to fix the thing up and save an administration an Indian war, approached the subject in a fair and liberal way, and generally did what it said it would. FREDERIC REMINGTON.



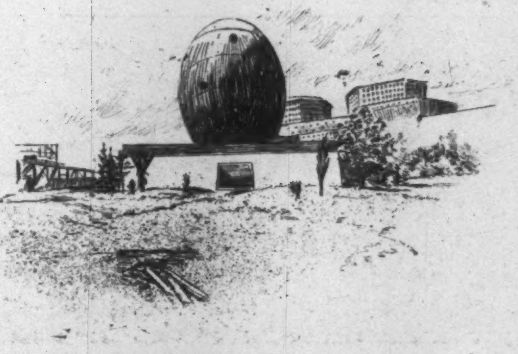
THE OLD BELL.

COLUMBUS AND GENOA.

THE claims of Genoa as the birthplace of Columbus, and the festival of the city in honor of the discovery of America, were told in the WEEKLY for June 25th. The great celebration is now in progress, and will continue until the last week of August. The programme is varied and of decided interest to all Americans. International contests are the general order of the day, and these exhibitions of friendly rivalry are such as appeal to the joyous Genoese. Under the auspices of the various city societies there will be fencing, bicycling, contests of military bands, shooting matches, sailing, rowing, athletics, and, not least, "international contests of illusionists." Each of these exhibitions extends from two to three days, and in addition there will be the Italo-American exposition, the exhibition of Old Arts, University festivities, and the festival of the Venetians at sea. Franchetti has written a new opera, which will be produced at the Carlo Felice Theatre in August, and altogether there will be two



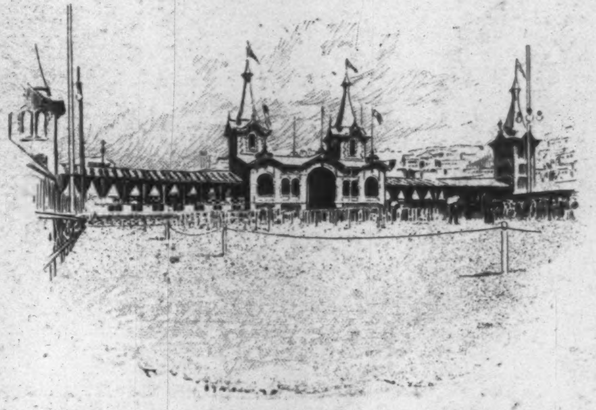
MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE EXPOSITION.



THE EGG OF COLUMBUS—RESTAURANT AND WINE-ROOM.

months of celebration and amusement. This great carnival is due alone to the efforts of the people of Genoa, as the government withdrew an appropriation made some time ago under the plea of poverty.

The most interesting feature of all is the inauguration of



THE ATHLETIC GROUNDS.

the exposition on July 1st. Some of the buildings are illustrated herewith, together with the bell that rings in the season of festival. This bell is the Liberty Bell of Genoa. When Genoa was a free state, in 1287, the bell was cast by a man named Guglielmo Montaldo, and two years later

MUSIC HALL AND FINE ARTS BUILDING.

D'Oria and Spinola, Captains of the People, had the bell hung in the tower of the Common Palace, near the Ducal Palace. The bell rang only for the victories of the republic and in times of public rejoicing and festivity. In 1570 the bell was broken, but cast anew, with the following inscription: "*Dux Gubernatores et Procuratores Jonnes Chatinis civis Brixiae fecit* 1570 *mensis octobris.*" Around the outside of the bell were then placed various bass-reliefs and ornaments of a religious character. After that it rang through the centuries until about thirty years ago. Upon the very day that Tuscany and Romagna were annexed to the new Italian nation, March 16, 1860, the bell cracked for the second time, and since that time it has remained useless. But when the present exposition was suggested, the City Council had the bell repaired, and once again its old tones have rung in honor of liberty and freedom. This interesting old bell is about five feet in height and about twelve feet in circumference. The inauguration of the festivities could not be more appropriately made, as Columbus in his boyhood days may have heard the same sweet peal that the people hear who celebrate his discovery to-day. There could be no fitter signal for the opening of the ceremonies than the sound of this old bell, which was made by a free people to announce the time of festival and delight. The very thought is interesting and inspiring, and illustrates the poetry and art of the Italian people which still lives. This feeling is still further carried out in the restaurant and wine-room, which is made to represent the egg, with which Columbus did so much to mystify his friends.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF STATE.

No method the President could possibly have adopted of filling the vacancy in the Secretaryship of State could possibly have been so startling to the country as the method which Mr. Blaine adopted of creating that vacancy by sending in a curt resignation three days before the Republican National Convention was to meet at Minneapolis. In that body Mr. Chauncey M. Depew was recognized as "the leader of the Harrison forces," and before it adjourned it came to be believed, without any specific evidence, that he was to receive the reward of his leadership in the office which the President's principal competitor had created in order to rush upon defeat. This belief was very much strengthened when, a few days after the Convention, Mr. Depew made a journey to Washington and paid a visit to the President. It came to be understood, however, that Mr. Depew "could not afford" to resign the highly responsible and lucrative place he had as president of a great railroad system for an office of which the President could assure him a tenure of but nine months, and obviously the President, on his part, could not afford to let the most dignified office in his cabinet appear to be "going a-begging" by subjecting it to a public refusal. At any rate, and as a matter of fact, Mr. Depew has not been, and Mr. John Watson Foster, of Indiana, has been, appointed Secretary of State to succeed Mr. Blaine.

Everybody seems to agree in speaking well of the character and abilities of the new Secretary. It is a curious fact that there should be two Secretaries of the same name in the same cabinet, Mr. Charles Foster, of Ohio, having been appointed as Secretary of the Treasury to succeed Mr. Windom. The later Mr. Foster was born in Pike County, Indiana, July 2, 1836, and was educated at the Indiana State University, from which he was graduated in 1855, and at the Harvard Law-school, where he spent the next year. He then began the practice of law in Evansville, and continued it until the outbreak of the war, when he obtained a commission as Major of Volunteers. He served at first with the Twenty-fifth Indiana, and, after Fort Donelson, was promoted to a Lieutenant-Coloneley, and subsequently transferred, as Colonel, to the Sixty-fifth Indiana Mounted Infantry, and subsequently appointed Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty sixth Indiana. His service was entirely in the West, under Grant and Sherman, and as commander of the advance brigade of cavalry in Burnside's expedition to Tennessee, he was the first to occupy Knoxville. After the war he edited a paper at Evansville, and was for a time the postmaster of the place. His first appearance in national politics came from his appointment by President Grant, in 1873, as Minister to Mexico. He was reappointed by President Hayes, but afterwards transferred to St. Petersburg. In 1881 he resigned the Russian mission to resume his private business, and settled in Washington, building up a special practice as counsel for foreign legations and in international business generally. President Arthur appointed him Minister to Spain, in which capacity he negotiated an important commercial treaty, which the Senate failed to confirm, and which was withdrawn by President Cleveland for further consideration. Mr. Foster returned to Spain to renew negotiations, but they fell through, although he was again sent to Spain last year to negotiate the treaty which is now in force. Of late Mr. Foster has acted as a confidential adviser of the President in diplomatic affairs. It was in that capacity that a rumor, extensively spread but afterwards denied, attributed to him attendance at a conference between the Secretary of State and a delegation of Canadians to explain that the views announced by Mr. Blaine were not those of the President. It was to this incident that the rumor attributed Mr. Blaine's resignation.

PERSONAL.

IT is announced that Bishop JOHN F. HURST, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will be married some time in September to Miss ELLA AGNES ROOT, of Buffalo, New York. The father of the prospective bride is Mr. FRANCIS H. ROOT, one of the leading capitalists of Buffalo, and the chief organizer of the wealthy Delaware Avenue Methodist Church, to the support of which, as well as to the aid of other churches in Buffalo, he has made large contributions. He has also been a liberal benefactor of Syracuse University, and is the President of the Board of Trustees of that institution.

—Mr. ADLAI EWING STEVENSON, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, is fond of an out-door life. He likes to ride a horse, to hunt and fish, is an excellent shot with a rifle, and plays whist and an occasional game of billiards. Mr. STEVENSON is tall and well formed, but not stout. He dresses becomingly, but with no attention to stylishness, and when nominated at Chicago wore a straw hat that had already seen several seasons. He is a well-read lawyer, and his reading outside his law-books has made him familiar with the English classics.

—M. TRICOUPIS, who has become for the sixth time the Prime Minister of Greece, is known as "the Englishman," from the fact that much of his earlier life was passed in England. He speaks English perfectly, and has many British traits of character, though thoroughly Greek by birth and feeling. M. TRICOUPIS is a bachelor, too busy to marry, it has been said, and his household is managed by his sister. He is a statesman of pre-eminent ability and a prodigious worker. He begins his official duties at his desk at daybreak, and remains there until midnight, interrupted only by brief absences for meals or to receive visitors.

—The home of the artist BONNAT, whose portrait of RENAN was one of the show-pieces of this year's Salon in the Champs Elysées, is an interesting example of domestic harmony. Years ago the artist gave up all thoughts of matrimony because of his devotion to his mother, and with her and his sister, now widowed, he lives in a united household. Another member of this happy family, whenever he comes to Paris, is the celebrated Cardinal LAVIGERIE. BONNAT is now President of the Champs Elysées Society of Artists. He is a man of considerable wealth, and though a hard-working and painstaking artist, he executes but few orders, preferring to exact high prices for the paintings he does produce.

—New York's most notable capitalists are men of very simple habits, and some of the richest of them spend less than a well-paid clerk spends on minor personal pleasures. Very few of them use tobacco or liquor. It is said to be a rare thing for JAY GOULD to have a hundred dollars in money in his pocket, and RUSSELL SAGE, JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, and C. P. HUNTINGTON carry but little ready cash with them. Mr. SAGE keeps as careful a record of his small personal expenditures as does a young housewife on a limited income.

—Bishop PHILLIPS BROOKS devotes hardly more time to the composition of his sermons than did the late HENRY WARD BEECHER. Mr. BEECHER used sometimes to delay that essential proceeding till Sunday morning after breakfast, and on occasions when in the pulpit he would discard the material thus prepared for a new idea that had struck him after the services had begun. Bishop BROOKS devotes an hour or two during the week to thinking about the text he has selected for use on the approaching Sunday, and hunts up a few references; but he makes no notes, and does not even touch his pen to paper for that purpose. But when he is in the pulpit, his discourse pours from his lips without hesitation, and with a rapidity that strains the attention of the congregation to the utmost. His tendency then is to preach beyond the limit of time set for his sermons.

AN APPEAL FOR JUSTICE.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

MISS WAINWRIGHT.

By JAMES PAYN, Author of "The Canon's Ward," "A Beggar on Horseback," etc.

DURING my first winter vacation at Cambridge I spent a few weeks with my college friend Grantham at Talbury Hall, in Wiltshire. It was a very pleasant house to stay in, and if it be true that there is little "going on" in the country, proved the rule by the exception. There was always something going on at Talbury. Balls and carpet dances and dinner parties, and what I enjoyed most of all, a series of private theatricals. There were three of these entertainments; the first a dress rehearsal for the delectation of the servants and villagers, and the other two for "the county," who patronized it in such numbers that one performance did not suffice for them. There is nothing which promotes intimacy so quickly as dramatic rehearsals, and as we had quite a martinet for a stage-manager in the host himself, there were a good many of them. To find one's self being rouged and having one's mustaches gummed on by charming young ladies to whom one has been introduced only forty-eight hours is a novel and delightful experience, especially to a young gentleman of nineteen, which happened to be *my* age.

There were two pretty daughters of the house and at least half a dozen young lady visitors, and if I did not fall very far, I fell in love at times with every one of them. They all, on one occasion or another, had advice to give me about this and that, for I was new to the boards and they were not, or something to suggest in the improvement of my stage attire, or they were so good as to hear me my part, in which I was sadly imperfect, which was the most delightful opportunity of all. For my part was the lover's, and though his protestations were only what the author had set down for him, and were, alas (with of course one exception), addressed to them by proxy, they were very warm, and replied to with similar fervor. "*He.* Do you not believe me, sweet one, when I say that I love you? *She.* I cannot choose but believe you, because my own heart whispers a similar tale." I would sometimes venture to remark that the stage direction here was "They embrace," but they said that that only referred to the dress rehearsals. Still, so far as it went, it was very nice, and I enjoyed myself exceedingly.

Our hostess, a lady of the strictest propriety, was ably assisted in the task of keeping us young people in order by Miss Wainwright, the governess, a personage who merits especial description. She was neither young nor good-looking, though as certainly as she had been at one time the first, she had also been the second. A pair of dark eyes still remained to her, a liberal allowance of blue-black hair, and a musical though rather resolute voice; but her well-featured face had grown prematurely sharp, and her cheek-bones were too prominent. She looked always thoughtful and sometimes sad, but her spirit was indomitable, and whenever anything that involved toil and trouble was to be done, she was the woman to do it. Without being priggish, she was the very incarnation of respectability, and possessed the entire confidence of both host and hostess. Her age was such as while it did not cut her off from sympathy with the enjoyments of the young, allied her with the more mature, so that she won the esteem of both parties.

Mrs. Grantham knew that Miss Wainwright's origin was humble, and that she had once been a pupil-teacher in an obscure seminary, but was much too good and sensible a person to place these circumstances to her discredit. Miss Wainwright was self-educated, but, as often happens, knew what she did know much better, and was much better fitted to teach it, than most persons who have been taught by others. She had had the highest references from a clergyman in whose family she had previously acted in the same capacity, and had performed her duties at Talbury for more than a twelvemonth to the universal satisfaction. Having no relatives, nor even friends of her own, she had spent her vacations at the hall, and was not only not found "in the way," but made herself very useful in miscellaneous matters, such as the engagement of new servants, which her employers, being of the *laisser* (or lazy) *aller* kind, were very ready to depute to her.

All this, of course, I heard later on, but I could see for myself that Miss Wainwright was in a well-established position, which she never encroached upon. She did not act with us, and yet it seemed as though we could not have acted without her, so ready and welcome was her help in a thousand ways. In particular, she took on herself the thankless task of prompter, and was the only person whom the manager had no reason to vituperate.

If there was a fault in Miss Wainwright it seemed to me that it was in her somewhat too great "respect for persons"; she was more strenuous to please the richer and more influential members of the company than the others, and though perfectly polite to a certain undergraduate who was notoriously without expectations, she did not treat him with the same deference she showed to certain sprigs of nobility and other "gilt youths" who were of the party. This opinion I kept secret, and even reproached myself for entertaining it, but I did hear that while very indulgent to her young charges (for there were little Misses Grantham as well as big ones), the servants stood in (doubtless wholesome) dread of her. A circumstance occurred, however, before I left Talbury which caused her to be much more gracious in her manners to me, though unfortunately it begot in me just a little suspicion of this paragon's character. I will say at once that (as it will be presently seen) it was a mistaken suspicion, but it will be acknowledged that I really had some ground for it.

Before the festivities terminated at the hall a servants' ball was given, at which, as is usual, for the first hour or two, the host and hostess, and such of their guests as wished to do so, were present. When these had retired, except one or two of the gentlemen to whom everything in the nature of a lark was delightful, and any excuse "to take a few hours from the night, my boy," acceptable, I thought it strange that Miss Wainwright should still remain with her enemies, the servants. The housekeeper was there to keep order, which indeed was perfectly well maintained (though after the withdrawal of the higher authorities the dancing grew a little more lively); her presence therefore seemed as superfluous as it was undesired. However, at last she went, and in a few minutes afterwards I retired also. As I passed by the housekeeper's room on my way up stairs, I heard a certain sibilant noise which aroused my curiosity, and looking through the half-closed door, beheld by the fire-light, for there was no candle in the room, the governess kissing the footman. I would not take a young woman's character away even for an instant, and therefore repeat that it turned out there was nothing wrong in this incident, but even to the liberality of mind in such matters which one possesses at nineteen, it *seemed* a little wrong. If the performance had taken place, as it were, the other way, and the footman had been the active agent and the governess the passive, it would have been rather queer, but that the lady should have taken the initiative—and a good deal of it—and the gentleman have accepted her caresses with a countenance of stolid, not to say morose, indifference, was a circumstance that utterly confounded me. Moreover, though considerably younger than Miss Wainwright, he was a very ill-looking fellow. I coughed rather significantly, to let them know that their proceedings were a little rash, and went my way, not, I fear, without a snigger. It did seem strange that that pink of respectability should have so misconducted herself, and with such a thankless and unappreciating hound.

If I had been a little older, the question would doubtless have arisen as to my own future conduct in the matter. Was it right that I should conceal such an offence against propriety, and allow my hostess to continue to repose her confidence in Miss Wainwright as an educator of youth? But at nineteen one thinks little of these things, and a great deal of the enormity of "sneaking," and "telling tales out of school." Moreover, she had had her warning—she could not have misconstrued that cough of mine—and would perhaps mend her ways, or, at all events, be more cautious for the future. Little I knew what my silence was to cost, but silent I remained.

When I joined the breakfast party—late—the next morning, I could not forbear glancing at Miss Wainwright; she was in the act of pouring out the tea, and I noticed that her hand trembled, and that she refrained from giving me her usual rather patronizing bow; but her color altered not one whit, and some question our hostess put to her she at once answered in her customary tones. My belief is that she had made her plans for either silence or betrayal. In the latter case she would probably have denied everything that could not be set down to the uncertainty of fire-light, and would without doubt have had her believers. Her confederate, however, if I may so designate so unwilling a recipient of affection, John Rose the footman, was not gifted with the same presence of mind. As he handed me the kidneys, he replied to the twinkle in my eyes with a clumsy flush, and a scowl that would have suited a murderer. Titania, I knew, had fallen in love with a jackass; but what magic potion, thought I to myself, could ever have made a woman of education fall in love with a bull-dog? He was really very like one; had the neck and the nose and the general morose expression of that animal, and to my mind was only fit to be hung. Still, "kissing goes by favor" was a proverb that I remembered in connection with a cow and its proprietress, and it was not for me to quarrel with anybody's fancy.

It would have been very ungrateful of me to have quarrelled with that of Miss Wainwright, for from that date her behavior to me became most polite, not to say cringing. Not a word passed between us as to the little occurrence I had chanced to witness in the housekeeper's room, but her conciliating smile and the footman's scowl betrayed the fact that *they* knew that *I* knew all about it whenever we met. It reminded me, though I had not been actually visible to them, of those imperishable lines:

> "I saw Esau kissing Kate,
>   And the fact is we all three saw;
> For I saw Esau, he saw me,
>   And she saw I saw Esau."

Of any immediate danger of my revealing her secret, she must soon have been relieved, but from what happened afterwards—namely, the almost immediate departure of Mr. John Rose—it was clear she had small confidence in my continued reticence, thinking perhaps that little pitchers have not only long ears, but long tongues, in which she did me wrong. In the mean time I had the benefit of her assiduous civility, and when my visit to Talbury was concluded, we parted the best of friends. As it happened, it was my last visit, for certain circumstances (of no unpleasant nature, I am glad to say) took place which caused the whole Grantham family to migrate to another clime. I naturally thought, therefore, that I had seen the last of their "perfect treasure" of a governess, but in this I was mistaken.

Four years afterwards I was working (or "studying") as an apprentice in a firm of engineers in the far east of London. It was not a pleasant place in the month of June; there were days when

> "I longed for the outer air,
> For the summer odors sweet,
>   And the summer breezes clear;
>
> * * * * *
>
> "For the easy dip of the oar,
>   For the careless swell of the sail,
> Coasting along the lake's green shore
>   Amid the lilies pale."

But for a time at least I was going to get them. Mr. Nayler, the head of our firm, had been so good as to ask me for a fortnight to his beautiful house at Grasmere, and I was going there the next day.

I would have much preferred to have taken my holiday with my college friend Gray, the architect, but, though still youthful, I was wise enough to see the advantage of cultivating acquaintance with the Naylers, even though Miss Nellie—their only daughter, an heiress in her own right, and just of age—would not, I had been informed, be at home. She had come up to London to see the Great Exhibition on the previous day, which I thought rather hard upon me. However, I comforted myself with the flattering thought that the matter had been so arranged on purpose, lest the young lady should be unable to resist my manifold attractions, and throw herself away on one who, in point of fortune, was, it must be confessed, a detrimental. I had heard from my people that she was very charming, and seen her photograph, which corroborated this statement; but she had not seen mine, and therefore "did not know, poor thing," as Gray said, "what she had lost" by missing me. I feared it would be rather *triste* staying with old Nayler, who was a philosopher as well as a sleeping partner, and had ideas about the training and education of young people, which it was only too likely would be ventilated at my expense. Still, I was not so blind to the main chance as to dream of declining his invitation. I had staid at the works later than usual that day in order to settle up matters previous to my departure, and it was evening before I found myself on my way home in the delectable regions of Bow. I always made a point of walking some distance from my place of business, for it was the only exercise I got, though the neighborhood was not an alluring one. On the occasion in question a little rain was falling, and for the time of year it was rather dark. As I passed up Rex Street, a humble though not disreputable thoroughfare, a strange incident happened. I heard, as I thought, a window hastily opened above me, and then a letter fell at my feet. I stooped down and picked it up, but it had fallen face downward on the wet pavement, and its address by the feeble light was almost illegible. While I was endeavoring to read it, the house door was violently pushed open, and a man rushed out upon me crying, "Give up that letter," and at the same moment snatched it out of my hand. I was exceedingly angry, and gave him some words I had picked up at the works, which were at least equal to the situation. But he only favored me with a hideous scowl, and muttering something about "a pretty thing if when a letter was blown out o' winder any feller passin' by could collar it," he went in, and slammed the door behind him.

There was nothing very much in what had happened, but there were two circumstances which impressed it strongly on my mind. One was that I felt certain that I had seen the man before, though where and when I could not call to mind, and the other was that the post-town on the address, the only word I had been able to decipher, was Grasmere. This last was certainly a curious coincidence. In this my friend Gray, with whom I supped that evening, was inclined to agree with me, with the proviso that he doubted its having occurred.

"You were astonished by the fall of the letter," he said, "and Grasmere was in your mind; but it is much more likely it was some other town."

Another young friend of mine, Brill, who was reading for the law, and happened to be supping with us, was also of that opinion.

"If you had really all your wits about you," he said, "you would have remembered the number of the house."

"I *do* remember it," I answered, a little indignantly; "for when that brute slammed the door in my face, I saw the number of it distinctly. It was 24."

"His snatching the letter in that way was a constructive assault," observed Brill, regretfully. "It is a pity not to prosecute him for it."

"I should like better to give him a good hiding," observed Gray, who was six feet in his stockings and an adept in the art of self-defence.

My last night's adventure was wearing thin in my mind and almost forgotten by the time I reached Lakeland next day; and indeed there is nothing there to remind one much of Rex Street, Bow. The drive from the Windermere terminus to Grasmere is the most enchanting ten miles of high-road in all England, and though my own calling was by no means a romantic one, I was not without an appreciation of natural beauties. The house of Mr. Nayler, though not a large one—there was none of any great size in Grasmere at that date—was handsome enough, and stood in a splendid position for seeing that lovely valley. He was so good as to be waiting for the coach to come by at his lodge gate, and welcomed me very cordially. I had seen him once before at my own home, but had not been so favorably impressed with him as on the present occasion. Then he had doubtless looked upon me as a future employé, whom he was about to take at the request of friends, and certainly without hope of advantage; but for the short time that I had been with his firm I know that I had a good record, nor did he forget that he was my host as well as my chief, but did his best to put me at my ease. Still I could not conceal from myself that he regarded (without absolutely looking down on) me from a philosophic height, and carefully restricted his conversation to conventional and insignificant matters. Whatever was wanting, however, in naturalness in his manner was amply made up by the geniality and motherliness of his wife. It was touching to see how she admired her husband and fell into his views, so far as she could, though they were utterly alien to her own.

> "She knew but matters of the house,"

while he knew (or she thought he knew) "a thousand things."

In one thing, however, I discovered before I had been at Haskett Howe an hour, she had ventured to disagree with him; namely, on sending their daughter with her governess to London to "improve her mind," as her father phrased it, by visits to the Great Exhibition. It was not that she had the least fear of intrusting her Nellie to "dear Lettie," who had been with her for years, and was the steadiest of private "coaches," but she thought she might have kept her at home till some opportunity offered of their all going up together. However, Nellie's aunt, Miss Nayler, was now in town with the same object (the family were all for improving their minds), and promised "to look after her," and though there was no sleeping accommodation for them in her own house in Holles Street, it was understood that when not at the exhibition they would be her constant guests. She had offered to procure lodgings for them in her neighborhood, but this had been declined. "Dear Lettie" was a much better person to arrange such matters than the old semi-scientific spinster, who had rather crude ideas of comfort. And so it had been settled, and the next morning would bring both the news of their having safely arrived in town and their address.

Nellie had never been to London, as it happened, in her life, and was looking forward to her visit with great expectation, though, said Mrs. Nayler, graciously, to me, "Both she and I thought it rather uncivil that she should have to leave Haskett Howe on the very day before you came." It was clear that the good lady thought I had been not only hardly treated, but was grievously to be pitied in being thus deprived of her Nellie's society. As I knew not what I had lost, however, I was not ill content as matters stood, and with my host's assistance, made that very evening various plans for exploring the neighborhood. These, however, were destined never to be carried into effect.

On the following morning no letter arrived from the ab-

sentees. This circumstance seriously alarmed Mrs. Nayler, and, as I could see, somewhat disturbed her husband in spite of his philosophy. It was only natural that both their daughter and governess (if she could still be called so, though, as I have said, the young lady was just of age) should have written to them, and that neither should have done so seemed inexplicable. "If Nellie had seen her aunt too, it was almost certain the old lady would have written to say so, but not a line had come from any of the three. I was too much affected by my hostess's anxiety to carry out any scheme of pleasure, and my offer to ride to Windermere—at that time the nearest telegraph office—and to communicate to Miss Nayler by wire was thankfully accepted.

"Neither Nellie nor Lettie has written to us," ran Mrs. Nayler's telegram. "Where have they taken lodgings? Reply."

I waited for more than an hour till the answer was flashed back, "I have seen neither of the girls, nor had any word from them."

This was cold comfort indeed to take back to my hostess. The bad news affected her very much, but she still strove to keep up a good heart. "If I had not the highest confidence in Lettie, I should be really alarmed; but there never was a woman in whom one could put more perfect trust than in her. So clever, so resourceful, and, above all, so practical. If you had ever seen Miss Wainwright, Mr. Dyce, I am sure you would agree."

"Miss Wainwright?" I exclaimed, with amazement, and a sudden apprehension that I had the sense to conceal. "Was she ever in a family of the name of Grantham?"

"To be sure she was. She came straight from Talbury, where they lived at that time, to us, and has remained with us ever since. They only parted with her because they all went to reside abroad. Did you know dear Lettie?"

"I met Miss Wainwright at Talbury," I said, "when I staid there four or five years ago."

I do not know how I commanded voice or feature so as not to have excited Mrs. Nayler's notice, for a flood of dark suspicions was sweeping in on my mind. I remembered that tender passage between the governess and John Rose, the footman at Talbury, and I identified, for the first time since the incident, the man who had snatched the letter from me in Rex Street as John Rose himself. To have revealed my fears to my host and hostess would have only been to increase their anxiety a hundred times without in the least assisting them; and it was already growing so intense that the fact of there being a stranger in the house was evidently a source of embarrassment to them.

On the other hand, it behooved me not to lose a moment in investigating a matter which promised to be of such extreme importance. Under pretence of a long walk that afternoon, I again repaired to the telegraph office, and wired, this time on my own account, to Gray: "Have 24 Rex Street watched day and night till you see me. Hope to be with you to-morrow morning. Telegraph these words immediately to me: 'Come to town at once; business pressing.'"

This message, as I expected, reached Haskett Howe by mounted messenger before I arrived myself, thereby destroying all suspicion of collusion. I read it out to Mr. Nayler, who, I well knew, notwithstanding all his kind assertions to the contrary, was very glad, under the circumstances, to be rid of me. If the next morning did not bring the expected letter—and somehow I felt that it could not—I knew he would be in no mood for playing the host. As for my hostess, when she heard that I was to leave for London by the night mail, she burst into tears.

"I wish I was going with you, Mr. Dyce, for I would be near Nellie in case she wanted me, and perhaps she does want me. Though we have seen so little of you, I am sure you have a kind heart. You will think of us in our trouble, I know." Something in my face, perhaps, betrayed the emotion I was feeling. "You *are* thinking of us," she exclaimed, suddenly. "It is on our own account, and not on yours, that you are going back to London."

"I intend, certainly, to do what I can for you, dear Mrs. Nayler, though it may be little enough, and if I have no good news from you by telegram to-morrow morning shall set about it at once."

"May a mother's blessing cling to you!" she answered, fervently, and the tears that coursed down her cheeks evinced the depth to which her apprehensions had grown.

I arrived at Gray's rooms at breakfast-time, and found our legal friend with him. He was, of course, taken into our confidence, as he deserved to be, since without his aid Gray might have had some difficulty in getting the house in Rex Street watched by the police. Brill told us, however, that a search-warrant could not be had unless on more sufficient grounds of suspicion than we possessed.

"Oh, I'll answer for searching the house," observed the architect, shooting his linen, as his custom was when much excited, and looking as if he had had a professional commission to pull No. 24 down.

"There must be no violence," observed Brill, rebukefully —"I had to promise the Inspector that before he would help me—but only moral suasion."

"Moral suasion, by all means," said Gray, bending his arms to develop the muscles.

But even before employing that we had to wait for Mrs. Nayler's telegram.

At about eleven o'clock we got it. "Not a word from our dear one," it ran. "I know you will leave no stone unturned to help us."

We all rose at once, and took up our hats. It was a pouring wet day, which was so far advantageous, since Rex Street would be more deserted even than usual; and it was our object to excite as little public attention as possible. Considering that we were very young men, we used great prudence; and Brill, especially, had some of the deliberation of the Court of Chancery.

We left our cab at the corner of Rex Street, with orders to wait for us, and Brill preceded us up the street. There was only one loiterer to be seen, and with him he interchanged a word or two.

"My mate is at the back of the house," said the man, "and no one has left it this morning."

Then Brill beckoned us up, and standing close to the door, so as not to be seen from the windows, I gently pulled the bell.

The door was opened by John Rose himself, and would have been shut in our faces as he caught sight of us, but that Gray, who had already thrust his foot in, applied moral suasion with his shoulder.

"What the devil does this mean?" cried the other, furiously, his bull-dog face becoming, as it seemed, both black and white.

"That is just what we mean to find out," observed Gray, quietly. "If you utter a word or make the slightest resistance, I'll break every bone in your skin. Now come with me."

There were two little rooms on the right-hand side of the passage, and Gray, with a heavy hand on the man's shoulder, pushed him into the back room. "You will be locked up here while we search the house," he said. "If you get out of the window, you will find a policeman waiting for you."

I never saw a man look so ugly and at the same time so cowed as Mr. John Rose. In a parlor on the first floor we found Miss Wainwright. She looked much the same as when I had seen her last, and met us with an air of quiet indignation and surprise.

"May I ask the meaning of this extraordinary intrusion?" Then, as her glance fell upon me, I noticed the color upon her high cheek-bones fade away a little. "Surely that is my old friend, Mr. Dyce," she said, conciliatingly.

"Yes, we have met before," I answered. "I have also seen Mr. John Rose before. The person I am at present in search of, however, is Miss Nayler, of Grasmere. You came up in charge of her two days ago."

"To be sure I did," she answered, pleasantly. "She is with her aunt in Holles Street."

I felt that it was a mistake of mine not to have called in Holles Street to make quite sure of the matter; just such a mistake as a man of my years, too confident in his own sagacity, would have made, and which *her* sagacity had counted upon.

"We know better than that, madam, though we don't know all," observed Brill, promptly. "We are going to search the house. Would you prefer to accompany us, or to remain here in custody, for that is what it has come to?"

The latter part of this observation she ignored. "I will come with you," she answered, quietly, "though under protest. There is no one here but my brother, whom you have seen" (I have no doubt she had heard every word of what had passed below-stairs), "and the servant in the kitchen."

She led the way into the adjoining room, and then to the upper floor, where there were three bedrooms. Two of them were apparently in occupation, and the other not. There was no sign of Miss Nayler anywhere. As we stood, much disconcerted, in the third room, which looked to the front and was much the largest, Miss Wainwright observed,

"There are no other rooms upstairs, but you would perhaps like to search the cellars."

"All in good time," observed Gray. "I have the misfortune, madam, to be an architect, and in looking at your house from outside, noticed that there was an attic window omitted from your plan. I remark, too, a trap-door in the ceiling."

"It only opens on the roof," said Miss Wainwright.

"Then let us have a breath of fresh air," he rejoined, pleasantly. "There is a ladder under the bed, which no doubt is used for that purpose."

At these words the color not only left Miss Wainwright's cheek-bones, but her whole countenance. She looked ten years older in that one minute.

"You had better go first, Dyce," remarked Brill, "since you have your credentials."

He placed the ladder under the trap-door, and I ascended. I found myself in another room, quite as large as that beneath, and well furnished. Huddled up in an arm-chair in one corner of it was a pretty fair-haired girl with a frightened face. She had evidently been weeping long and bitterly.

"Forgive my intrusion," I said, gently, "but I am come from Grasmere to fetch you home."

Then she fell on her knees, and used such words of gratitude to Heaven as I have never heard from human lips. Then, suddenly, "But that dreadful man is below-stairs," she exclaimed. "He said I should never leave this house alive except as his wife."

"Tell the young lady," said Gray, cheerfully, from the room below, "that she may consider that person disposed of, and if he has done her any injury, disposed of for good and all."

I looked at her inquiringly, and she answered, "I have not been ill-treated, only kept a prisoner, and my life threatened unless I married him."

"Very good," said Gray. "I will settle that little matter with him when we leave the premises. Now let us help the lady down."

But as she stood beside the trap-door she caught sight of Miss Wainwright, and fled to her corner, cowering. "There is that cruel, treacherous woman," she cried, putting her little hands before her eyes, as if they still retained the vision of her. "I dare not. I dare not."

"Now just you come down with me into the drawing-room," said Brill, to the *ci-devant* governess; "unless," he added, menacingly, "you prefer the dock at the Old Bailey."

Then Gray and I not only brought Miss Nayler down, but all that belonged to her, and placed her in the cab. So far from objecting to our accompanying her, she evidently felt safety in numbers, and was very nervous at a few moments' delay caused by Gray, who, however, rejoined us in more than his usual spirits.

"Your knuckles are bleeding," I whispered; "pray hide them."

"It's not my knuckles," he answered, in the same confidential tones; "it's *him*, and moral suasion. I never hit a man so full in the face in my life. He went down like a shot."

"Oh, what must dear mamma and papa have suffered on my account!" moaned the enfranchised girl.

"We will set that right at the first telegraph office, my dear Miss Nayler," I said.

Gray and Brill remarked afterwards that I had no right to call her "dear," and far less "mine," upon so short an acquaintance; but the young person concerned in the matter made no objection, and I don't see what *they* had to do with it. We took her to her aunt's house in Holles Street, who received her with rapture, and overwhelmed me with compliments on my sagacity and promptness. The telegram I got from Grasmere that evening was in a still warmer strain, and ran, as I calculated, to four and sixpence halfpenny. Money was no object with the Naylers. The prettiest part of it, to my mind, was the following: "You must come back and complete your holiday with us." I knew that Miss Nayler would have had quite enough of London, and be going back too. Indeed, as her nerves were too much upset to admit of her travelling without an escort, I travelled *with* her, and alone. This was an accident, for her aunt had volunteered to accompany her, but was suddenly taken with the influenza. Her niece's departure could not be postponed indefinitely, and as the elder lady justly observed, "I seemed almost one of the family." Indeed, that was the very thing I wanted to be, for I had fallen over head and ears in love with Nellie.

It was a long journey, but it did not seem long to either of us. The joy with which she was welcomed at Haskett Howe was reflected, as it were, upon my humble self. Mrs. Nayler, dear soul, declared that she could never make enough of me, but she made a good deal, and her husband was quite as grateful in another fashion. He promised to do anything for me that lay in his power, and I boldly suggested a partnership.

"You are too young for that, I fear, my young friend," he replied, good-humoredly. "The house requires seasoned brains to rule it."

"I did not mean quite that at present," I answered, modestly. "I only want a partnership with Nellie."

And this was acceded to.

Anything was better than publicity, even the escape of the guilty, so Miss Wainwright and her confederate remained unpunished. What crimes they may have committed besides the abduction of my darling I cannot tell, but that she was at Talbury Hall with her brother intent on some dark deed, I have no doubt.

JIMMY LUDLOW'S POEM.

BY O. S. ADAMS.

I.

"Poor boy, he ought not to come so often; I mustn't let him."

These words were spoken in an undertone in which there was a vibration of sympathy. Violet Huntley, in afternoon dress, stood holding open the door of her father's uptown mansion. It was a clear winter day, and the crisp air was charged with energizing qualities. The quiet and crystalline coolness heightened the color in Violet Huntley's cheeks, and made more lustrous the vitality of her dark eyes. Her beauty was of the brilliant order, but it was at this moment mellowed by a meditative look which suggested that some train of thought held her in suspense between the ardent impulses of girlhood and the sober tenderness of a woman's dawning maturity. For a time her gaze followed a retreating form, and then a faint sigh floated from her parted lips as she entered the house and closed the door behind her.

The "poor boy" meanwhile walked briskly down the street. Ralph Culberson was not lacking in manliness so far as stature went, nor, indeed, in certain qualities of mental sturdiness. The honest frankness which beamed from his face might have been termed boyish, but this was not what Violet Huntley had in mind. Indeed, she would have shrunk from defining her meaning, even in the most confidential self-communing. But her tone and unconfessed thoughts trod on dangerous ground, for there was pity in both, and we all know what pity is akin to.

But what occasion was there for pity in this case? Why, simply that Ralph Culberson was deeply in love with Violet Huntley, and the latter knew it, although Ralph flattered himself that he had succeeded in concealing the fact. Vain delusion! As well attempt to hoodwink the thermometer regarding the temperature, as to dim the vision of a clear-sighted and sensitively organized girl in a case where she is an object of adoration. The pity of it was that there was a great gulf between them. Wealth on her side, a struggle of brains against poverty on his—these were the conditions that confronted them. Yet he could not resist the temptation to seek her presence occasionally, and, under the guise of reserved manner, persuade himself that he was successful in the only piece of duplicity he ever attempted—that of concealing the fact that he worshipped her.

Ralph Culberson wrote for the newspapers and magazines, and by the income thus derived managed to live comfortably, dress well, keep up his dues at the Pawnee Club, and not run very deeply in debt. He had also written a novel, and, what is more, had found a publisher for it. There was no apparent reason why *A Manhattan Maiden* should not have sold well, but somehow the public refused to buy it, to the deep regret of both publisher and author. The latter, however, wasted no time in fruitless longing for rewards that did not come. In the first exhilaration of seeing his story in print he wrote another one, but the failure of the first prevented the launching of the second. Meanwhile Ralph worked industriously over his "specials," reviews, reports, and sketches; sometimes even, in financial emergencies, perpetrating blood-curdling tales of wild Western life, or amazing chronicles of detectives' exploits, and other "pot-boilers" of divers kind, published under attractive and alliterative *noms de plume*. He was a long way, however, from that altitude of financial opulence which would warrant him in trespassing over the boundary line of friendship so far as Violet Huntley was concerned.

On leaving her house that afternoon Ralph made his way to the Pawnee Club. This institution was not one of the grandest of its kind, but it was select, cozy, and comfortable. Its membership comprised brains, money, and blue blood mingled in judicious proportions, and so there was an even balance of those factors which give attractiveness and stability to the social bonds of club life.

Stepping into the reading-room, Ralph found a little knot of the members gathered together. The central figure of the group was a pale young man, with an excessively amiable expression of countenance, lack-lustre eyes, and a vacant stare. His attire was a masterpiece of the tailor's art, and his bearing that of absolute self-complacency.

"Hello, Culberson!" exclaimed one of the group. "Here's Jimmy Ludlow been back from the South more than a week, and only just dropped in on us."

"So beastly inclement, you know," said the pale young man, "I've really had to house myself up. Only made one or two calls, and then nearly perished. How de do, Culberson? Glad to see you."

And Jimmy Ludlow laid three delicate, tapering, and bloodless fingers into the wholesome warmth of Ralph Culberson's hand. Then there were inquiries about alligator-shooting, tarpon-fishing, and orange groves, for all of which, except the last mentioned, Jimmy Ludlow expressed a cordial abhorrence. The greetings were soon over, and the members engaged themselves in whist, billiards, or small talk, as their different tastes prompted.

Ralph Culberson betook himself to the library, and was soon deep in a cyclopædia brushing up his memory on some points which were to be embodied in a forth-coming sketch. This task was soon completed, but he still sat with the volume opened before him. His eyes saw not the printed page, and his thoughts had evidently wandered far from his present surroundings. He was naturally of a practical turn of mind, and habitually prompt and active; but now, with an hour's time on his hands, what was the harm in dwelling on the beautiful face of Violet Huntley, the pleasant cadences of her voice, the pressure of her cool, soft hand? Thus absorbed, he did not notice the entrance of Jimmy Ludlow.

The latter had apparently come into the room with a purpose, but seeing Ralph in a brown-study, held his peace and scanned the titles of the books in an aimless, patient way. At length he timidly knocked the backs of two chairs together and looked anxiously toward Ralph.

"Ah, Ludlow!" exclaimed Culberson. "I did not know you were here." Then, stretching himself, "Well, I suppose I may as well go home and grind out a lot of stuff for the *Planet.*"

"I say, Culberson, you're not in a hurry, are you?"

"Not particularly," replied Ralph.

"I want to say something to you in the strictest confidence, if you don't mind."

"Certainly not; drive ahead."

Jimmy Ludlow looked cautiously around, and seeing that no listeners were near, said, in a mysterious, subdued tone: "I want you to do me a favor; that is, not exactly a favor, for I will pay for it, yet it *will* be a favor. You see, you have brains and I haven't."

"That's not so sure," laughed Ralph.

"Oh yes, it is; it's a dead certainty. Then, again, I have money, and—and—"

"And I haven't. That's what you mean, isn't it?" And you wish to convey the idea that you can well afford to pay for the service you desire, while the money will be very acceptable to me."

"Well, you won't be offended?"

"Certainly not. The latter part of the proposition is founded on the solid rock of truth."

"Thank you, Culberson, thank you. You have helped me out amazingly." Jimmy Ludlow spoke with great heartiness, and then added, "Will you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Oh, I forgot that I hadn't told you." In a still lower voice, and with an air of profound secrecy, he said, "I want you to write me a poem."

Culberson looked curiously at his pale young companion, and said, "That is a strange request."

"I know it is," was the reply, accompanied by a helpless and appealing look; "but I can't write one myself. I've tried hundreds of times."

"And the Muse declines to respond to your invocations? Well, she's a treacherous old girl at times to all of us. What kind of a poem do you want?"

"I haven't quite decided. I would be willing to leave that to you. It might be a sonnet or an ode or a ballad. I don't know much about such things."

"Have you any choice of a subject?"

"Why, certainly. The subject must be Love."

"Good gracious, Jimmy!" exclaimed Ralph, with a snort of laughter; "what are you driving at?"

"Nothing—nothing at all, Culberson. I am just as honest as the day is long. I simply want you to write a poem, and imagine it addressed to the very sweetest girl in the whole world. It must be warm—not too warm, you know—tender, and passionate, and all that sort of thing; just as if you were trying to tell how much you adored her, in a modest way, of course. There must be something about her eyes, and hair, and voice, and mouth—"

"Yes," interrupted Ralph; "I think I catch your meaning."

"If you will write such a poem for me, I will pay you fifty dollars for it."

"That is certainly a liberal offer," replied Ralph, somewhat startled at the sum mentioned. "What are you going to do with the poem?"

"That is my secret. But there must be this in the bargain: nobody must know of the arrangement; it must never be mentioned to a living soul. When you have once given the poem into my hands, it must be as if you had never written it nor dreamed of such a thing."

"Well," said Ralph, after some reflection, "I see no objection. Yes, I accept your proposition. When do you want the poem?"

"As soon as possible."

"To-morrow night?"

"Oh, if you could! But you mustn't bring it here. Somebody might intrude on us. Come to my rooms at nine o'clock, and I will have the money ready."

"All right; I will be prompt."

"What a splendid fellow you are, Culberson! I am under a thousand obligations to you."

"Oh, it's a mere matter of business," laughed Ralph. "But I must go down town, and then home, for I have a grist of work on hand."

"Well, good-by. Remember."

"Yes, I'll remember."

II.

Ralph Culberson and his widowed sister lived in a flat. Their apartments were modest, but in a high degree comfortable, homelike, and tasteful in their furnishings. Kate Wheelock had a handsome, wholesome face, a form of attractive amplitude, a good figure, and a dignified bearing. She was just jolly enough for good companionship, and so full of common-sense that everybody considered her friendship worth cultivating. Ralph worshipped her, for she steadied him, encouraged him, admired him, and guided him in many ways with a hand that was firm, yet gentle and unseen. They had not known a mother since infancy, and when their father died his affairs were in bad shape. It was a great change for Ralph and Kate. From a condition of luxury and social elevation they had entered the ranks of those who must win their bread or go without it—Kate having been a widow three years when the crash came. They promptly went to work—Ralph at journalism and literature, and Kate at teaching music and German. They of course had plenty of friends, and still maintained a certain standing, their social activity being limited, however, by their own inclinations and the length of their purses. There were old friendships of the solid, enduring kind, which changed circumstances could not blot out, and there was a respect for the family name which money reverses did not efface.

Ralph and Kate accepted the situation, bent themselves sturdily to the work before them, kept aloof from the whirl of society, and perpetuated old memories only by afternoon calls, occasional tea parties, and once in a while a quiet evening gathering.

When Ralph went home after receiving his commission from Jimmy Ludlow he found a note on the parlor table informing him that his sister would remain at dinner with the Van Dykes, she having been pressed to do so after spending her regular Wednesday afternoon in instructing the four daughters of the family in music and German.

"Won't you come too," the note continued, "if you receive this in time? Mrs. Van Dyke sends her compliments, and will be delighted to see you."

But no, Ralph would not go. He wrote for an hour, then went out to a restaurant for lunch, returned home, lit a cigar, and, throwing himself into a big chair, smoked and meditated. At length he rose, went to his own room, and arranged some writing materials on his desk.

"Queer idea that of Jimmy Ludlow," he mused. "What on earth can he want of a poem? However, that's no concern of mine as long as he shells out so liberally. How shall I begin it?"

He seated himself at the desk and pondered over the matter. Be it understood that he did not consider himself a poet. No visions of Tennysonian fame had fired his ambition. Yet he had the gift of graceful expression, and had written many verses that were perfect in metre, tender in sentiment, and delicate in fancy.

This was to be a love-poem, and although the situation struck him as having its humorous side, he would perform the task conscientiously. Is it a wonder that, as he sat in meditation, a certain fair face should rise before him? Is it strange that the theme should call up the image of Violet Huntley? What motif so fruitful of inspiration?

He began to write. The words came readily, the measure flowed with gentle symmetry, the melody attuned itself to tenderest passion. In an hour the poem was written. In another hour the rough edges were trimmed off, the warmth toned down, and a neat copy made. Then the first draft was torn in small fragments and thrown into the grate fire.

Ralph read his production over and over again, carefully and thoughtfully. Was he committing an act of desecration thus to barter for money a tribute to the girl whom he secretly loved? This thought made him shudder for an instant. "But no," he reflected, "she will never see the verses; they do not degenerate into a personal description; besides, I would never court her that way, even if I stood the best chance in the world of winning her. Jimmy probably wants. Ah, I never thought! Valentine day is near at hand, and he contemplates an assault in some quarter with my literary ammunition. Even then Violet might see the verses if they were sent to somebody in her set. I wonder if she would recognize— But nonsense! It's a business transaction, and there's no more harm in my taking money from Jimmy Ludlow than from Plummer, editor of the *Planet.*"

Thus reasoning, Ralph placed the poem in his pocket, and settling himself back in an easy-chair, smoked until his sister came home. Then, after a few words of greeting, he went to bed and slept soundly until eight o'clock the next morning.

At the appointed time Ralph betook himself to Jimmy Ludlow's rooms. Here the poem was produced, read, pronounced satisfactory, and delivered; after which Ralph placed five comfortable-looking ten-dollar bills in his pocket. He then departed, leaving his patron in an apparently ecstatic state of mind.

III.

The abode of the Ludlows was elegant in all its appointments, and much more than spacious enough to meet all the demands made upon it. Jimmy, however, had conceived the idea that it was "the thing" for a young gentleman of wealth to have an establishment of his own, and so he kept a suite of rooms and a man-servant in a pleasant part of the city not far from Madison Square. There were soft carpets, pictures, rich furniture, gems of bric-à-brac, a piano, a fireplace, two or three tables, and a sideboard in the main parlor. A bedroom and a cozy dining-room adjoined the parlor. The apartments were looked after by Jimmy's man, whose name was Alphonse, and who was a sleek, handsome mulatto with bright eyes and polished manners. His duties were not laborious, for Jimmy lived about half the time at home, leaving Alphonse to do pretty much as he pleased.

After Ralph Culberson had delivered the poem and departed, Jimmy pored over the verses with the liveliest admiration. It was about half past nine. Alphonse had gone to the theatre, a circumstance which gave Jimmy much satisfaction, as he desired to be alone for a time.

He opened a writing-desk, seated himself in front of it, and placed the poem in front of him. Then he opened one of the drawers of the desk and drew therefrom a thin book about eight inches square, bound in black embossed leather, and bearing on one of the covers in raised letters the words "Autograph Album."

"Now for a nice clean page," he murmured, turning the leaves and glancing hastily at the various names and sentiments inscribed thereon.

Having found a suitable page, he proceeded to write on it a copy of Ralph Culberson's poem—or rather his own, for had he not bought and paid for it? It was a very nice copy, for Jimmy was something of an artist, and he could make rustic letters with vines climbing up and tumbling over them. It was an hour's job, and when it was finished, Jimmy drew a long sigh of relief, and contemplated his work with critical approval. He then arose, stretched his limbs, lit a cigar, threw himself in a rocking-chair, and practised blowing rings.

An hour passed, and Jimmy was lighting his third cigar, when a tap was heard on the door.

"Come in," said Jimmy, lazily.

"I thought I would just see if you wanted anything, sah," said Alphonse, entering with a light step and a radiant smile.

"Nothing in particular, Alphonse. Don't be in a hurry. Just come from the theatre, haven't you? How was the play?"

"Well, sah, the play was more excitin' than edifyin', sah. There was some tragedy on the half-shell, so to speak, consid'ble emotional proclivity, one or two fellahs that stimulated the risibilities—ha! ha!—and quite an imposin' aggregation of gehls, sah; mighty handsome ones, too, accordin' to my unsophisticated jedgment."

"Yes? You're quite a dramatic critic, Alphonse."

"Oh, not at all, sah. But it's very flatterin' of you to say so. Shall I go now, Mr. Ludlow?"

"Don't hurry. How is the weather out?"

"It's a-gettin' colder, sah, and a wind is comin' up that threatens to be quite boisterous."

"I am sorry to hear that. Sit down, Alphonse. You've been in my service quite a while now, and I am bound to say that you are a very superior sort of—"

"There, there, now, Mr. Ludlow," protested Alphonse, with a grin that showed his beautiful white teeth.

"And I have considerable confidence in your judgment. I want you to look over a little thing that I've been scratching off."

"Cert'nly, sah; I'll be delighted."

"Glance at that, and see what you think of it," pointing to the autograph book which lay opened on the table.

Alphonse read the poem attentively, and exclaimed, "It's beautiful, sah!"

"Do you think so?" asked Jimmy, earnestly.

"Most positively, sah. The sentiment is exquisite, quite enrapturin', sah. And there's a kind of swing that carries you right along, sah, on the—on the wings of fancy, if you'll excuse a little flightiness in my *modus operandi* of expression."

"I'm glad you think so well of it, Alphonse."

"Most assuredly, sah. But, if you'll allow me to say it, I didn't know you was up to that kind of thing, sah."

"What kind of thing, Alphonse?"

"A-composin' of verses, sah."

"Oh, well, I don't take the trouble to do it very often. But when the inspiration comes on— I suppose you know what that means."

"Oh yes, sah. It's a kind of risin' of the feelin's and a sort of bustin' sensation."

"Yes. Well, you may be right. But then there must be an image in the mind, like a—a river or a landscape, or a beautiful face; something to admire or even worship."

"Just so, sah; I see," replied Alphonse, with smiling earnestness. "That's a boss poem, and no mistake. So sweet and tender."

"Is that your honest opinion?" asked Jimmy, eagerly.

"Just as sure as you live, sah!"

"Well, Alphonse, I'll tell you what I want you to do. Before I go to bed I shall wrap this book up in a nice clean sheet of paper, and leave it on the table. In the morning, before I am up, you may come in as usual and air the room. Then, between nine and ten o'clock, take the book, and deliver it at the address which I will write on the outside. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sah; and I will carry out your directions with neatness and despatch, sah."

"Very well. I shall not want you any more to-night. It is nearly twelve o'clock, and I think I'll turn in."

In another half-hour Jimmy was sleeping the sleep of the just.

At eight o'clock the next morning Alphonse entered softly. Jimmy was in his bedroom, wrapped in peaceful slumber. Alphonse's first movement was to open a window.

"Whew! but that's a regular cyclone!" he exclaimed, as the air rushed in. A high wind was raging, and it created a commotion as it invaded the apartment. Out it rushed again, carrying with it several scraps of paper that lay on Jimmy's writing-desk. Alphonse quickly closed the window, and muttered: "Jiminy! I hope there wasn't anything important blowed out then. Anyhow, it can't be helped. Guess I won't say anything to Mr. Ludlow. Time enough to speak about it if he misses anything."

Alphonse then put the room in order, closed the window, and turned on the heat. Then, taking the package from the table, he silently withdrew.

Meanwhile the wind was doing a most mischievous thing. It had caught the original copy of the poem, which Jimmy had left lying on his desk, and sent it flying on an eccentric journey. The poem floated across the street, shot suddenly upward, and sailed over the top of a house. Then it fell slowly into a court-yard, but before reaching the ground was again sent aloft by a sudden freak of the gale. Speeding onward, it hovered over the top of a building, and showed signs of descending into a chimney; but a puff of warm air blew it away, and for a time it darted about in an aimless and crazy fashion. After a time its buoyancy diminished, on account of some clinging particles of snow, and its journey came to an end.

The poem had gone a considerable distance when it finally fell, with a quivering motion, to the ground. It descended at the feet of a shabbily clad man with a florid complexion, a face that needed shaving, and an intellectual brow. The fluttering scrap of paper attracted his attention, and he picked it up.

"Verses," he muttered. "They're new, too. Not bad, either. Somebody's lost 'em; I've found 'em. That makes 'em mine. I'll go back and take another drink." The finder of the poem stepped into a saloon from which he had emerged a moment before, and was soon seated at a table sipping a hot mixture. "They've never been printed," he murmured, after reading the verses again, "or I'd have seen 'em. Just the thing for— I wonder if it would do. 'Tisn't exactly straight, but the price of twenty-five drinks, more or less, isn't to be despised. Yes, I'll try it."

And the shabby man placed the poem in his hat, made his way unsteadily to the door, and shivered as he faced the winter wind that raged without.

IV.

The fifty dollars felt like a lump of lead in Ralph Culberson's inside pocket. Walking down town on the morning after he had delivered the poem, he thought he would invest the money in a present for his sister Kate. There were a few things that she needed, and any number of things that would please her. Ralph stopped at several stores that were stocked with articles attractive to the feminine eye, and more than once was on the point of planking down the fifty dollars in exchange for something more beautiful than useful. Each time, however, there arose within him a strange revolt at the indulgence, and he invented some excuse for not making the purchase. It was a handsome sum for one short little poem, perhaps more than it was worth. Still, he did not reproach himself with extortion so far as Jimmy Ludlow was concerned, for the bargain had been of the latter's own making.

"But what right have I," thought Ralph, "to trade on Violet Huntley's radiant beauty and sunlit soul? She'll never know anything about it, of course, but that does not exculpate me from a mercenary act. The verses are poor enough in all conscience, but they would have been immensely poorer without her to inspire them. And then to think of selling them—actually selling them for that filthy stuff that the world calls money! I wonder if there is a meaner wretch on earth than I?"

Thus he worked himself up into a state of tumultuous agitation. He wondered if anything could be done about it. Perhaps Jimmy Ludlow would take back the fifty dollars and give up the poem. But this was only a passing thought, for Ralph's mind was in such a chaotic state that he was incapable of sustained and coherent mental effort.

All day the pangs of self-censure tormented him. He could not work; he could not think of anything but the unworthy commercial transaction by which he had gained that hateful fifty dollars.

At six o'clock he went home to dinner with gloom written on his countenance. His sister perceived that something had gone wrong. But as it has already been remarked that Kate Wheelock was a woman of extraordinary good sense, there will be no difficulty in understanding why she did not immediately begin to question him. She had tact as well as penetration, and felt instinctively that abrupt expressions of concern and inquiry would have the opposite of a soothing effect.

"It is fortunate that we have a better dinner than usual," she thought, watching the moods of her brother from behind that impenetrable ambush of commonplace demeanor which is one of the peculiar resources of womanhood.

After the meal was finished, Ralph lit a big pipe and took possession of his favorite chair. Kate soon seated herself near him. Smoke and silence reigned for thirty seconds, and then Kate resolved to dispel the cloud, if possible, by pretending not to notice it. So she began to chat.

"Oh, Ralph, I have a piece of news for you."

"Well, out with it!" His tone indicated toleration rather than interest.

"I stopped at Quill's book-store, and saw a man buy a copy of the *Manhattan Maiden*."

"Ha!" ejaculated Ralph, emitting a hollow and mirthless laugh. "Was the man a lunatic? Did the bookseller fall dead?"

"No, of course not," replied Kate, with energy. "Your novel will be a success yet. I have always said so, and I shall stick to it."

"Come, Kate, that kind of talk tickled my vanity once, but it doesn't any more. The book is a failure, and there is no use in pretending that it isn't."

"Well, be as pessimistic as you please. I know I am right; but we will drop the subject, for I have another piece of news."

"Indeed! Is it as sensational as the first?"

"Oh, a great deal more so. There's a new poet in town."

Ralph turned suddenly and stared at his sister in alarm. But her countenance was serene in its ripe beauty, and no suggestiveness lurked in her honest eyes. Of course she knew nothing of the fifty-dollar poem, and Ralph's momentary fear quickly subsided. He covered his discomfiture with a cough and an extra furious puff of smoke.

"Well, why don't you ask who it is?" said his sister.

"What—the new poet?" he said, disinterestedly. "Well, who is it?"

"Jimmy Ludlow."

Ralph bounded from his chair as if a bomb-shell had exploded under him. "What, in the name of the great Jupiter, do you mean, Kate?"

"Just what I say. It's rather astounding, isn't it? But there's no need of getting excited."

"No, of course not. I am perfectly calm. Who told you? Are you making a drive at me?"

"For pity's sake, Ralph, sit down! What a queer question! Making a drive at you? The idea! But it's true—about Mr. Ludlow, I mean."

"How do you know? What has he been writing?" Ralph settled back in his chair, and prepared for the worst.

"I'll tell you all about it. When I was out this afternoon, I called at the Huntleys', and found nobody home but Violet. After we had chatted awhile, she showed me her autograph album—"

"The deuce!"

"There, don't interrupt me. On one of the pages was a poem with Jimmy Ludlow's name signed to it."

"What was it about? How did it begin?" These questions were fired like pistol shots.

"Really, Ralph," remonstrated Kate, "I never knew you to be in such a queer mood. It was a sort of love-song that jingled along smoothly, though it was rather sickish." Ralph glared at her reproachfully. "But I had no idea Mr. Ludlow could write so well."

"Do you refer to the penmanship or the composition?" asked Ralph, with stony calmness.

"Both. It was copied beautifully."

"Ah! And what did Vio—Miss Huntley think about it?"

"Violet seemed to be rather perplexed and disturbed. She had let Jimmy take the album, thinking he would write his name or some commonplace sentiment in it, but instead it came back with a rhymed tribute to some beautiful creature's charms, presumably her own. Violet was half inclined to laugh, and yet she took it in a sort of serious way, too."

"Do you mean that she is liable to be caught by that kind of thing?"

"Certainly not," replied Kate, indignantly. "I mean that she wondered whether Mr. Ludlow intended anything in particular, or only wanted to show off his poetic talent."

"And suppose he did mean 'anything in particular,' as you style it?"

"It wouldn't do him a particle of good. Still, he may have had some idea of making an impression."

"Kate," said Ralph, solemnly, "that fellow's an idiot."

"Not quite so bad as that, I hope," replied his sister, musingly. And then she stole a searching glance at Ralph, as if knowing that there were unexpressed thoughts in his mind.

"And so am I," he added, rising from his seat and taking his overcoat from the rack where it hung. "I've a good mind to give that item to Plummer."

"Who is Plummer?"

"Literary editor of the *Planet*. He would take pleasure in announcing that a well-known young society man had blossomed forth as a poet."

"Oh, don't do it!"

"No, of course not. Jimmy will have to climb the ladder of fame without my help. Good-night! I'll be in early."

As he made his way down town, Ralph resolved to call at Jimmy Ludlow's rooms next day, and return the fifty dollars. Next day? Who knows what the morrow will bring forth?

V.

Mr. Plummer sat at his desk in the *Planet* office. The desk was a rather large affair, and the upper part contained a great many pigeon-holes which were stuffed with letters and papers. At Plummer's right hand was a heap of new books; at his left, the morning mail, consisting of thirty or forty packages whose bulkiness was suggestive of offered contributions, while in front of him were pen and ink, a box of long envelopes, a blue pencil, and a pile of neatly printed sheets bearing a consolatory message of "thanks and regrets at being unable to use the enclosed manuscript." Plummer used twenty or thirty of these every day. The room was plain, though not more so than such habitations usually are. Plummer had on an office coat, which sagged in front and was shiny on that portion of the sleeves that rubbed on the edge of the desk. He was about forty years of age, and had a thin face, thoughtful eyes, and a critical squint. He was not a bad-looking man.

About eleven o'clock, when Plummer was in the midst of his work, the door opened suddenly, and Ralph Culberson strode noisily in.

"See here, Plummer, how did you come to publish that poem?"

Ralph held an open copy of that morning's issue of the *Planet* in his hand, and pointed with a trembling finger to one corner of the page that was exposed to view. There, in cold print, was the poem which he had written and sold to Jimmy Ludlow, and which the latter had copied in Violet Huntley's autograph album.

Plummer peered through his eyeglasses at the point indicated by Ralph's finger.

"How did I come to publish it?" he echoed.

"Yes, that was the question I asked."

"Is there anything the matter with it?" asked Plummer, calmly.

"Matter!" ejaculated Ralph. "I should think there was—but no; I don't mean that. Of course there is nothing the matter with it."

"I was afraid there was, from the way you spoke."

"That isn't the point. I want to know where you got it."

"Well, really, Culberson, you are aware that it is hardly regular to ask such a question. You observe that no name is signed, and our rule is not to disclose an author's identity without his consent."

"The *author!* That's good. Hang your rule, Plummer. Won't you answer my question?"

"What makes you so curious on the subject?" asked Plummer, with serene tone and manner.

Ralph made no reply, but paced the room like a caged tiger. At length he said, "Then you refuse to give me the information?"

"I must, my dear fellow. But see here, I'll consult with the author, and, if he has no objection, I will give you his name. Come and see me again in a day or two. That's fair, isn't it?"

"I suppose you are right," muttered Ralph, grudgingly.

"Certainly I am. The poem's all right, too, as far as I can see. At any rate, I bought it and paid two dollars for it."

"Two dollars! And is that all you consider it worth?"

"Well, yes. It's rather a neat little thing, but you know we can buy them by the cart-load at that price."

Ralph looked at Plummer with a reproachful and dejected air, but the editor continued, placidly,

"What is there about it, anyhow, that interests you so?"

"Oh, never mind," replied Ralph, hastily. "I'll call around to-morrow. Good-morning." And he left the room as abruptly as he had entered it.

"I wonder what ails Culberson," mused Plummer; but the thought was soon crowded from his mind by the duties that claimed his attention.

At noon an office-boy brought in a card bearing the name of James Ludlow in copperplate script.

"He's a swell, and says he must see you," replied the boy.

"Show him up," replied Plummer, with weary resignation.

In another moment Jimmy Ludlow entered, clad in a fur overcoat, and with a look of anxiety in his colorless face.

"Are you the literary editor, sir?" he inquired timidly.

"I fulfil the duties of that position after a fashion."

"Oh, I am sure you do it splendidly. But I am in an awful state of mind."

"Yes?" murmured Plummer, making some jabs with a blue pencil at a manuscript which lay before him.

"Perfectly dreadful," continued Jimmy, with beseeching look and tone.

"What's the matter?" asked Plummer, without taking his eyes from his work.

"It is about that poem."

"What poem?" demanded Plummer, with such abrupt and startled emphasis that his visitor jumped.

"Dear me! I beg your pardon! It's the poem in this morning's *Planet*."

"Well, what about it?" Plummer spoke harshly, but he did not mean to do so. He was only perplexed.

"I simply wanted to say, sir, that you did very wrong in publishing it."

"Upon my word, Mr. Ludlow, that is a strange remark."

"And I want to know where you got it."

Plummer laid down his pencil, and looked searchingly into Ludlow's face. He saw nothing but entreaty mingled with agitation.

"This is very extraordinary," he said. "Why are you so curious?"

"There are peculiar circumstances," said Jimmy, "that I do not feel at liberty to explain. But I will say one thing, and that is that the poem is mine."

"Good gracious! Do you mean to say that you wrote it?"

"It is mine," repeated Jimmy, firmly, "and I want to know how you got hold of a copy of it."

"Mr. Ludlow, you amaze me. I cannot give the information that you ask—that is, not to-day—but I agree with you that there are some peculiar circumstances."

"Do you mean to say that you will not answer my question?"

"Impossible! We never give the names of our contributors without their consent. But I will look into this matter. It seems to require investigation. If you will call again in a day or two perhaps I can say something more definite."

"Must I wait?" appealed Jimmy.

"There's no help for it," replied Plummer, decidedly.

"Well," said Ludlow, rising to go, "I'll call again. But I know more about the matter than you probably think I do. I never would have believed it of Culberson."

"Culberson? What about him?" Plummer was now mystified.

"Of course he let you have it," replied Jimmy.

"Of course he did *not*. He knows no more about it than you do. In fact, he—" Plummer was about to tell of Ralph's visit and inquiry, but checked himself. "No, Culberson didn't bring me the poem."

"No? Then I *am* beat; yes, completely beat. There is a fearful mystery somewhere. I shall be in agony until it is cleared up."

"It will be cleared up," said Plummer, grimly. "I'll see to that. Be sure and come around, for perhaps you will be able to help me. And now do not think me discourteous if I say that my time is not my own, and that the subject must be dropped for to-day. There's six hours' work on this desk that must be done, and I've got to do it."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I know you are an awfully busy man. What a wonderful thing it is to be an editor! I will call to-morrow without fail, for I must know how the poem came to be printed. Good-day!"

When Plummer was alone again he meditated on the mystery for thirty seconds, and then plunged into the work that could not be delayed. At one o'clock he went out for a lunch, and at half past one returned. An hour passed, and only five more of the mail packages remained to be opened. The office-boy appeared again.

"Two ladies wish to see you, sir."

"Ladies? What do they want?"

"I don't know, sir. They said it was very particular."

"All right; show them in."

A minute later Plummer's eyes rested on two visions of loveliness. At first he had only a confused notion of furs, feathers, bright eyes, and red cheeks. Then the coolness of the winter air was wafted from rustling garments, mingled with the faint sound of soft breathing and the suggestion of a delicate perfume. He at once saw that his visitors were people of elegance, and he hastily placed chairs for them, which they at first declined and then accepted. Plummer looked at them encouragingly.

"We have come on a rather peculiar errand," said the elder of the two ladies. She was perhaps thirty-five, while the younger was not more than twenty-two.

"Yes?" said Plummer, politely and interrogatively.

"There was a poem in the *Planet* this morning."

Plummer's gaze of astonishment checked the woman's speech, but in response to a silent invitation, she resumed:

"We have simply called—and I assure you it is not through mere inquisitiveness—to make some inquiries about it."

"Madam," said Plummer, "I am amazed, more so than I can express in words. That poem—" He hesitated, and looked with stern scrutiny at his visitors.

"Oh, it is perfectly dreadful for us to come here and ask questions!" said the girl. "Kate dear, perhaps we had better go. We have no right to take up Mr. Plummer's time." But her radiant face beamed on the editor with an appealing look, and he felt the charm of a beauty that seldom brightened his cheerless office.

"Oh no!" he exclaimed. "There is no intrusion—not the slightest. I shall be very glad to know in what way I can serve you. You mentioned a poem."

"I am sure, Violet," said Kate Wheelock, "that Mr. Plummer will accept our assurances that there are most excellent reasons for our wishing to know how it came into his possession."

"You must not mistake my expression of surprise for rudeness," began Plummer; "but the fact is the poem published in this morning's *Planet* is causing me considerable uneasiness. Two other persons have called on me to-day to make inquiries concerning it."

"Oh!" exclaimed the two ladies, looking at each other significantly.

"Of course," resumed Plummer, "it is against practice and propriety to give contributors' names without their consent, but in this case there may be reasons—"

Four bright eyes were bent upon him with persuasive expectancy. It is not to his discredit that he succumbed to their entreaty.

"Yes, I will tell you all about it. I bought the poem, and paid for it, just as I buy scores of such things. And the name of the man that sold it to me is Jaggers."

"Jaggers!" came in two mystified tones.

"Yes," replied Plummer, and being seized with an insane desire to make himself entertaining, he added, "And he's well named too, for he nearly always has a jag on." Perceiving, however, that this remark conveyed nothing intelligible to his listeners, he explained: "I mean that he is a dipsomaniac. He—er—in fact, he is drunk a large share of the time."

"How shocking!"

"Poor man!"

"But he is a genius, a man of education, and a perfect encyclopædia of knowledge in literary matters. He might have had a career but for an uncontrollable fondness for the cup that inebriates. Poor fellow! he has little manhood left."

"How unfortunate such things are!" murmured Kate Wheelock.

"But did Mr. Jaggers really write the poem?" asked Violet Huntley.

"So he claims," replied Plummer. "That is a matter that must be looked into. He has never yet swindled me, but I'll ask him about it the next time I find him sober. I judge there is some reason for doubt on the subject, but that can be discussed later on."

"And is that all you can tell us to-day?"

"Absolutely all. But it ought not to be more than two or three days before I can place further information at your disposal."

"We are ever and ever so much obliged. I will give you my card," said Kate Wheelock, "so that you can communicate with me as soon as there is anything to tell."

With these words two smiles went straight to Plummer's inmost soul, and in another moment the office was as silent and sombre as it had been before the two radiant presences had lighted it up. Then the grind was resumed, for Plummer must postpone any indulgence in wonder or conjecture until the day's work was done.

VI.

In the evening Ralph Culberson and his sister again sat in their comfortable little parlor. Dinner was over, Ralph had lighted his pipe, and Kate had just finished some small household duties. There was sweetness in her voice and a look of perplexed earnestness in her eyes as she said,

"Ralph, did you ever hear of a man named Jaggers?"

"What name?—Jaggers? No. That is, nobody that you could possibly be interested in."

"Don't be too sure of that. Is there *any* Jaggers that you know?"

"Yes; a fellow that hangs around the newspaper offices—a mixture of genius, lunacy, and bad liquor. Perhaps you would like the honor of an introduction to the gentleman. I might bring him up some evening."

"That will hardly be necessary," replied Kate, seriously. "I think he must be a very dishonorable kind of person."

"I see no reason why you should think anything about him one way or another," retorted Ralph. "You would take him for a beggar on the street, though he has never yet got to that, I believe."

"Well, Ralph, I will tell you all about it, for I may need your help. On the fourth page of this morning's *Planet* there is a poem—"

"Poem!" shouted Ralph, dropping his pipe and staring at his sister with a look of terror.

At this instant the door-bell rang, and Kate sprang forward to brush up the ashes and tobacco which Ralph had spilled on the floor. Tidiness was quickly restored, and the next instant the voices of two men were heard in the outer hall, as they approached the door under the guidance of a servant.

"Plummer and Ludlow!" exclaimed Ralph, as a look of horror came into his face. "You had better retire, Kate: they don't want to see you."

"But I want to see them—one of them, at least."

Further conference was speedily cut short by the opening of the door and the entrance of the visitors.

"So queer," Jimmy Ludlow was exclaiming, "that Mr.

Plummer and I should happen to come together. Purely accidental, I assure you. We nearly had a collision coming up the steps—didn't we, Mr. Plummer? But I'm so glad, for he says he has found out everything."

"Not quite everything," said Mr. Plummer, smiling; "but I am happy to inform you, Mrs. Wheelock, that I have been unexpectedly fortunate in solving one portion of the mystery. What! you here, Culberson?"

Plummer until this moment had not observed Ralph, who had stood in the background.

"This is my sister, Mr. Plummer," said Ralph, in a weak tone, and with bewilderment written on his face. "Kate, you already know Mr. Ludlow. Gentlemen, we are very much surprised—that is, we are delighted to see you. Have some chairs. Give me your hats and coats. Charming evening, isn't it?"

"I have had the honor of meeting Mrs. Wheelock," said Plummer, "but I did not know she was your sister, nor was I, in fact, aware that you had a sister."

"Weren't you, though?"

"No, indeed. I called to-night on a little affair in which she is interested, and as it concerns you also, I can execute a double mission. I have but a limited amount of time to spare, and so will come to the point at once."

"Yes," said Kate, eagerly, while Ralph looked as if he wondered whether he was awake or dreaming.

"I just thought I would run up and tell you about it," continued Plummer. "The fact is, I've seen Jaggers, and he says he picked the poem up in the street."

"The poem!" ejaculated Ralph, in a voice between a scream and a groan.

"Yes," replied Plummer; "the one that you and Mrs. Wheelock and Mr. Ludlow were inquiring so anxiously about."

"But what in the name of—" began Ralph.

"Never mind, brother," interrupted Kate. "I will explain everything to you later; not a word now. Trust me." Ralph subsided, and Kate turned to the literary editor of the *Planet*. "It doubtless appeared strange to you, Mr. Plummer, that I should come to your office alone"—the last word was spoken with severe emphasis, and accompanied by a glance of warning that nipped in the bud a half-spoken explanation by Plummer—"that I should call alone and make inquiries on a subject that apparently did not concern me; but if you too will be patient, the mystery will disappear after a while. Now, Mr. Plummer, tell us all about it." As Kate ceased speaking, a charming smile and a look of serene expectation brought added beauty to her face.

"Really," replied Plummer, "there is nothing more to tell. As I said, Jaggers found the poem in the street, picked it up, copied it, and sold it to me. It was a swindle, but then Jaggers parted long ago with most of his moral responsibility. Here is the original copy," drawing a crumpled paper from his pocket.

"Give it to me," exclaimed Ralph.

"No, to me," said Jimmy Ludlow.

The two young men, with hands extended toward Plummer, stared at each other for a moment with great earnestness, but neither seemed disposed to take any measures to carry his point. There was something ludicrous in their fixed attitudes and apparent paralysis of speech and action.

"I think I had better keep it myself," decided Plummer, after an interval of hesitation.

Ralph, pulling his wits together, then said: "This is a queer affair, and I don't know what to make of it. I want to consult with Kate, for there isn't a leveller head in the world than hers. I am sure that you, Plummer, and you, Ludlow, will not think me wanting in the courtesies of hospitality if I ask you to leave me alone with my sister for a while. Why can't we meet an hour from now, say in Ludlow's rooms, if it will be convenient for him?"

"Certainly," replied Jimmy; "I'll be delighted. Alphonse shall bring us in a nice little lunch, and then we'll have a smoke, and a bottle of wine—half a dozen of 'em, by Jove!—and tell each other all we know, and bring everything out straight. The strain on my mind has been simply awful, but I begin to feel better already, don't you know? You see, Culberson, I dropped in to-night to assure you—"

"Yes, I understand, but never mind now. Your arrangement is capital. But don't let us say another word until we get together as appointed. It's a quarter of nine now. How will ten o'clock do?"

The hour was satisfactory to Ludlow, and Plummer said he would take the time, though he had to steal it. Ralph soon bundled the visitors off, making many apologies for turning them out of doors, but he did not finally get rid of them until Plummer had whispered in his ear,

"I say, Culberson, that sister of yours is a remarkably fine woman."

Then, without preliminaries or prevarication, Ralph told Kate the whole story of his sale of the poem to Jimmy Ludlow. She was more amused than surprised, but she saw the serious side of the case, and after a brief discussion, her practical mind had reached a conclusion.

"The first step to take," she said, "is to return the fifty dollars to Jimmy Ludlow."

"Yes," assented Ralph; "I'll do that before I am two hours older."

"I don't know as I can give you any further advice until after your conference with Mr. Ludlow and Mr. Plummer," she said, thoughtfully.

"I'll report it to you in full," replied Ralph.

"And now," said Kate, with brightening face, "let us change the subject. I dare say you have hardly looked at the *Planet* to-day."

"Only at the 'Poet's Corner,'" replied Ralph, with grim levity.

"Well, there is an interesting item in the literary column. You remember that I said I saw a man buy a copy of *A Manhattan Maiden*, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then read that!" And she held before his eyes a copy of the *Planet*, with a pencil mark drawn around an item in one of the columns. These were the exhilarating words that greeted Ralph's vision:

"A sort of tidal wave of popularity seems to be bearing Ralph Culberson's novel, *A Manhattan Maiden*, on its crest. It was one of the best stories of last year's issue, but did not seem to strike the public fancy. Its charms have lately received sudden and wide recognition, and Scrippleton Brothers, the publishers, have been obliged to put second and third editions in press to keep up with orders."

Ralph read the item three times, seeming almost stunned. He turned to his sister with a curious mixture of hope and doubt on his face.

"This is some confounded hoax, Kate."

"It's no such thing," she exclaimed. "Perhaps this letter will throw some light on the subject. It came late in the afternoon. You know you haven't looked at your mail to-day. Hurry up and open it before I expire with curiosity."

Ralph took a sealed envelope from her hand. The printed card in the upper left-hand corner showed that it was from Scrippleton Brothers. Ralph opened it with trembling fingers. As he mastered the contents of the note which was enclosed, a dazed expression came into his eyes. He then handed the letter to his sister, saying, in a solemn tone, "Kate, read that, and then pinch me, or stick a pin into my arm, or do something to prove whether this is an illusion or a reality."

Kate almost snatched the paper from his hands, and read the following communication:

"DEAR MR. CULBERSON,—We have this day placed $500 to your credit on sales of *A Manhattan Maiden*. We shall be pleased to hand the sum to you personally or by check, as you may direct. The book is selling so well that further amounts will soon be due you. If you have in preparation or prospect any other stories, we will be pleased to confer with you with reference to publishing the same.

"With congratulations,

"Yours respectfully,

"SCRIPPLETON BROTHERS."

"I told you so!" exclaimed Kate, in glad triumph. And then she gave Ralph such a rapturous hug with her plump arms, and such an ardent kiss with her ripe lips, that a beholder, seeing the beauty of the woman, would have deemed the demonstrations wasted on a mere brother.

"I can't quite grasp the situation," faltered Ralph, disengaging himself from her embrace.

"But I can. Nothing could be plainer. A career is before you, just as I have always predicted. And they want another novel. Isn't that glorious? How soon can you let them have it?"

"Oh, I've got one already. It is called *A Knickerbocker Boy*; but, of course, there was no use in offering it as long as the *Manhattan Maiden* grew dusty on the bookshelves."

"Of course not. But things are different now. What a charming pair of titles—*A Manhattan Maiden* and *A Knickerbocker Boy*! Oh, Ralph, how proud I am of you!"

And Kate drew back, contemplating her brother as if he were a rare and valuable art treasure, whereat Ralph looked rather sheepish.

"But look at the clock," exclaimed Kate. "You must start at once, or be late for your appointment with Mr. Plummer and Mr. Ludlow. The very idea of that creature writing a poem! Be sure and give him back the fifty dollars. And come home as soon as possible, so that we can talk things over. Here's your coat."

"You are getting a little flighty, Kate," remarked Ralph, smiling at the volubility and excited manner of his usually sedate sister.

He was finally bundled up, and she accompanied him to the door.

"Wait a moment," she said, with her hand on the knob. "Perhaps you think I am blind, but I know a 'Knickerbocker boy' and a 'Manhattan maiden' who were born for each other. If you don't win Violet Huntley, I shall be disappointed in you. Now go."

So saying, she pushed him into the night air and shut the door behind him.

VII.

Winter waned, the flowers of spring bloomed, summer glided by, the dissolving views of autumn vanished, and the time of frost and snow came again.

Four or five fellows of the Pawnee Club were lounging in one of the parlors of that institution.

"Lucky chap, that Ralph Culberson."

"Yes; a year ago he was working like a beaver to make both ends meet. Now he is famous and independent."

"And the loveliest bride of the season is his."

"Ah, but wasn't that a swell affair? Such a neat idea, too, to have Plummer and Kate Wheelock (she's Culberson's sister, you know) married at the same time. I don't know when I've seen a prettier double wedding."

"And how is Father-in-law Huntley pleased?"

"Immensely. He's as proud as Lucifer at having literature in the family."

"Poor Jimmy Ludlow! His aspirations had a pretty rude pull down."

"Ah, you've heard about the poem? It doesn't seem possible to keep anything from leaking out nowadays. But Jimmy is as good-hearted as he is soft-headed, and was one of the happiest men at the festivities. He even took that fifty dollars that Culberson wouldn't keep, and gave each of the brides a gold-mounted twenty-five-dollar autograph album."

"With good wishes in verse written on the front pages?"

"Oh no. He dropped out of poetry as suddenly as he bought his way into it."

AN EARTHLY PARAGON.

(*Continued from page 652.*)

There were two long rooms down-stairs, with little family portraits hanging away up near the ceiling. An organ stood gleaming in a corner, and as Sylvia sat down in a splint rocker, Miss Whitby came toward her, a scared-looking young man in the train of her alpaca skirts.

"Make you acquainted with Mr. Biles, Miss Bylands," she said, in an unaccented voice of routine.

Mr. Biles let his head down, unhappily shuffling his knees together.

"Won't you sit down?" said Sylvia.

Mr. Biles, giving her a grateful glance, plunged into a chair beside her, his extreme length diminishing like that of a shut pocket-knife. "Mighty pretty night!" he ventured.

"Yes." She helped him out a little with her smile.

Delk, leaning against the wall, looked and listened, rather wondering at her air of interest toward the young fellow, who seemed to have shot up into manhood long before that estate was ready for him.

"She seems a nice little thing," thought Bylands. And he began to speculate upon the possibility of so much apparent sweetness being compatible with sincerity.

"Fond of buggy-ridin'?" Mr. Biles was asking.

"Oh, sometimes, when the roads are good."

"I got a dandy rig," declared the young man, jerking nearer the violet-flecked skirts in his enthusiasm; "side-bar, and a mare that kin git away with anything on the road. Sired by Bailey's Wild Boy. Mighty proud to carry you to meet'n' Sunday night. Exhorting at Werner's, six mile down Trace Fork."

Sylvia, leaning back in her tall chair, appeared to be gently considering, her eyes scanning her agatelike nails. "I shall have to see what my uncle says," she decided.

As Mr. Biles expressed his intention of "honeyin' round" the captain with a view to "fixin' things up," Miss Whitby sternly summoned him.

"Your five minutes is up," she announced.

"Oh, shucks, Miss Jinny! Can't I stay a little longer?"

"Miss Amy Ann Sparks is waiting on you," said Miss Whitby.

Mr. Biles went off regretfully, and Bylands dropped into his chair.

"I am enjoying it," said Sylvia.

"Well, you ought to, if you like social triumphs," said Delk. "There are fourteen or more young men who have the promise of being introduced to you. It's as much as my life is worth to occupy this seat."

"Don't go!" cried Sylvia, laying a detaining finger on his arm. She looked at him seriously. He was marvellously better bred and better looking than these others. "Do you know," she broke out, with a sudden little air of confidence, "you have got about you a queer suggestion of something like romance? I can't place it exactly, but just now when you glanced up at that picture—Martha Washington, isn't it?—I had a flashing notion of gondolas and old palace walls, and a man looking up for some token in a balcony above him—a handkerchief in a window-snutter, perhaps." She assumed a critical attitude, her head aside. "I think it is because you are so dark," she debated. "A fair man hasn't half a chance. He looks too modern. It takes deep tones to suggest deep feelings and tragic possibilities. Don't you think so?"

Bylands had not been aware of thinking of it at all, but he found it oddly satisfactory to have his attention drawn to such pleasing attributes of himself as had hitherto escaped his notice.

"You are making fun of me," he said; but he did not believe this. "Isn't it rather cruel of you to come down here and make fun of us rustics?"

"Are you rustic?" laughed Sylvia. "You seem to me very much like men who live in cities, except that you look stronger, and appear to have lived in the air and stolen the vigor of the hills and rivers."

She paused so abruptly that Bylands, from a fascinated interest in her words, came to himself with a start.

"Mr. Bylands," she said, rather sharply, turning on him a sort of breathless face, "who is it—the girl who has just come in—there by the door—that beautiful girl in the horrible blue dress?"

"Oh, that!" smiled Bylands, glancing from the new-comer to the absorbed countenance beside him. "That is Rosetta Valley."

VI.

Rosetta Valley was standing on the threshold, catching at a little strand of faintly yellow hair which the outer draught was blowing across her face.

A number of young men hung about her, and the lines of her lips were touched with a smile of greeting so tranquil as to convey the notion that the very atoms of her flesh felt their perfect accord, and fell of nature into happy expressions. Her nymphlike figure, in a badly cut bright blue gown, had a calm poise as she tucked away the vagrant lock, a flush spreading over the bisquelike texture of her cheek. Some one behind her spoke, and she turned her head slowly, her big dark eyes diffusing a sort of childlike innocence and helplessness.

This air of dependence, so incongruous with the girl's large bodily endowment, struck Sylvia with an idea of some offspring of the young gods born complete in womanhood, but with the untouched freshness of infancy in her heart.

The antique flavor which invested Rosetta Valley suggested also that, like the folk of the early world, she was not troubled with sustaining an exalted spirituality.

She looked as if life was a unit with her, soul and body an essence undivided even in her speculations.

"I can't explain how she makes me feel," sighed Sylvia. "It rests me to look at such perfection of life, and yet she is almost too beautiful. I don't think I would change with her." She imagined that Mr. Bylands looked incredulous, and she added, rather emphatically: "No, really I wouldn't change with her. I shouldn't like to be so beautiful as to mean only beauty. I don't think I can make you understand." She turned her face, showing its side line, arch, delicately indented, a small half-contemptuous quiver at the lip corners. "You will fancy I am jealous, but I am not. I resigned myself long ago to plainness, and I don't mind it at all now."

"Plainness?"

"Oh, well, ugliness, if you are so exact," laughed Sylvia. "When I definitely found out that my face would never launch a solitary ship, I decided to work out my salvation with frocks and frillings. I am not very sure," she put in, mournfully, "that I am much better off than when I began, but my labor has been a labor of love, and I couldn't be happy to give it over now just to be beautiful past the reach of art."

"I suppose," said Delk, cautiously, "that Miss Valley would be thought handsome anywhere?"

"Oh yes," decided Sylvia. "Does she ever get angry, or sad, or—anything? Is she always so impassive? I hope she isn't a little dull."

Bylands's brow contracted. "I hadn't thought of it," he said. "I don't know whether she is dull or—" He looked up. The inexorable form of Miss Whitby stood before them.

"You been talking over time," she advised him. "Thar's a whole raft of fellows waiting fer me to bring 'em here. I'll ask you to git up." She gave him a small nod. "I'll fix you all right."

Bylands laughed. He kept his seat till she returned, fetching a dark-browed young man in checked clothes.

"Make you acquainted with Mr. Adkins, Miss Bylands."

Delk resigned his chair. Sylvia fell into speech with Mr. Adkins, who casually mentioned the fact of his being from Somerset, and not, as she might perhaps have supposed, from any rural district.

In the course of his confidences, Sylvia kept an eye on the assembly. People were talking in a higher key, and chairs were much closer than they had been early in the evening. Mr. Biles was listening with hopeless apathy to the remarks of a wasp-waisted, red-gowned young woman, whose vivacity expressed itself in little shrieks.

Rosetta Valley had taken a chair, and Sylvia presently became aware that the group about the girl had narrowed. Only one man was paying tribute now—a tall figure leaning back in a tilted chair—Delk Bylands. He caught Sylvia's glance and smiled.

Some strange thrill of discomfort shot through her veins. She felt on a sudden grown weird and witchlike and col-

orless and meagre. It seemed to her as if she could perceive in the lines of her face a subtle likeness to her father as he used to look of nights sitting over his books, his cheeks hollow with thought, his thin lips drawn as if he buckled to knotty problems.

At such times his countenance had not been one to attract a pleased regard, and Sylvia made a quick effort to throw off her sense of likeness with it. She bent amicably to Mr. Adkins's commentary on men and things, but the young man from Somerset was not enslaved.

He reported her to the group in the hall as "too fine-haired" to suit him, he being a man who liked a girl something more of a "hummer" than Miss Bylands.

Miss Whitby having asked Sylvia to play, she went to the organ and sang two or three little songs, which were much applauded. She was conscious of being rather glad when it was time to go. As she came down stairs she saw Bylands lighting his lantern in the hall, and a curious feeling as of old acquaintance with him touched her.

He was quieter than he had been, but as the darkness closed about them, Sylvia discovered that she herself was talking too much and too fast.

At the door of the Lichens house Bylands said, with an indefinite hesitancy: "Were you going to be busy to-morrow? I have got to drive out to one of our mills. It's a nice drive, if you care to go."

"It is kind of you to think of asking me," said Sylvia. "At what time?"

"Oh, early! Say nine o'clock."

Crossing the threshold, Sylvia looked back to see if Bylands were coming in; but he was already gone, and it appeared to her that he had gone without much deliberation.

The captain was hard at a game of cinch with an old man, who, as Sylvia came in bringing a gust of cold air, turned upon her a glance of interest. He sat broad and high, and his fine face had a massive look, as if it were roughhewn, its bronze color showing well in a curling fleece of white hair. Some indeterminate hint of familiarity in him came home to Sylvia. She waited for her uncle to pronounce a formula of introduction, but the captain's mind was occupied.

"Go on, go on, Valley," he said. "Thet you, Sylvia? Your lead, Bob, I tell you."

Sylvia went up stairs. "Valley!" she said. "I suspect he is Rosetta's father. He is handsome enough."

She struck a match, which, as the flame sputtered up, licking round the sliver of wood, showed her a vague image of herself in the glass near by. She gave it a glance which lengthened into rather a prolonged stare. Was this the same face which had been looking at her from this scrap of mirror through the dull days, weary, its eyes withdrawn, the lids thick? It was still white enough, but it looked as if a light streamed through it. The very lashes were alert, and the eyes were black with expanded pupils, looped in slender yellowish threads. Sylvia smiled.

"What a little pinch of interest will make the flat liquor of life foam!" she thought.

VII.

It gave a new impulse to life to wake in the morning with the consciousness of some movement in the day. Sylvia was ready for the ride an hour too soon, but she kept Bylands waiting a few moments before she came down. He was standing in the office door, his eye on a nervous-looking horse hitched to the porch post.

After he had put her in the buggy, he untied the frisking sorrel, and leaped to his seat as the horse darted down the road.

Sylvia had a glimpse of the drug shop, the long red freight-house, the livery-stable, the engine tank, and the mean little houses, under which at their approach quantities of black and yellow pigs scampered, snorting.

Beyond the town the road ran through an uneven valley, rising on both sides into low knobs densely wooded. Moss hung freshly here and there about the washed-out roots of trees, and long fern fronds, limp with frost, trailed like gray sea-weeds over the rocks. Far to the south a great hill, its shadows transparent as if glazed in indigo, rose to the dappled sky, its top range of bare trees appearing to slant forward like the bayonets of an army lifting from ambush. The clear air, the black boughs spread out like fingers which swerve apart to warmth, the dry roadway, the plumlike bloom of the distance, the freshening green of the hills—all this flowed into Sylvia's soul, and gave her a happy sense of completeness.

Looking into the passionate landscape, virile, swelling with hills like the muscles of a man straining in battle, she thought with disgust of the flaccid stretches of earth she had hitherto known.

Small windowless houses now and again squared themselves against the stony background. A flock of sheep huddling shapelessly in the wind passed by. Once a calf, with a pelt like faded seal-skin, gambolled awkwardly across their path.

A man riding a bulky-kneed white horse came into sight beyond. As he ranged nearer, he called out, "How'ye, Delk?" and slacked up. "Travellin' out yender?" he asked.

"To the south mill—yes," said Bylands.

"I was ast to tell you-all at the office ez Litten hev got on a tear, and things ain't goin' jest right. Thar was a rise in the river last night, and right smart o' logs is gittin' away; somethin' out o' fix with the boom, I reckon."

Bylands uttered a sound, and jerked the reins. The horse plunged forward at new speed.

"The man we have in charge out here—Litten—is a good man, but I wish he'd do his drinking in summer, when trade's dull."

"I shouldn't think you'd keep a man like that," said Sylvia.

"Like what?"

"That drinks."

"Oh! it would be hard to find one that don't. We'd have to have him made to order." He laughed.

"Most of the men about here drink?" asked Sylvia.

"More or less."

She glanced at his face, the lean cheek swept with a swarthy color. "Do you?" she ventured.

Delk looked amused. "Not right straight along," he said. "When I feel like taking a drink, I take it."

He spoke with so much candor that Sylvia began to feel the possibility of narrowness in her views on the whiskey question. Perhaps they were tinged with the pallid lustre which that Ohio town of hers had shed on all important issues. She made no further quest into the matter, accepting Delk's attitude as evidence of a world in which liquors might sometimes be respectable even when not served to invalids in mollifying combinations of raw eggs and milk.

The road widened. They were coming into a leveller space. Just ahead Sylvia caught sight of something which she took for an upward curl of steam, but which in a moment disclosed itself as a sinuous snatch of river, pale with sunlight, and outlined to a vaporous shape by curving banks. A thin murmur, high and sweet, like the music of wind harps, reached over the clang of the horse's feet.

"The sound of the mill. We're sawing," Delk explained, smiling at Sylvia's look of wonder.

And then, as the strain grew clearer, she saw the red roof of a sideless structure filled with whirring wheels and sliding belts. They got out some little distance from the mill, and picked their way through a path heaped with sawdust, which felt spongy to the tread. Bylands made Sylvia a seat on some sawn logs overlooking the river. His face was anxious.

"Everything is going wrong," he said. "Look at those logs going by!"

The river had come up overnight, its color changing from a lucent emerald to a dull brown. The water had an odd density of effect which made its motion seem merely of the surface, as if the banks held a section of yellowish porcelain thinly overrun with a colorless liquid.

The boom, a linked line of logs along-shore, gleamed black, and quantities of drift, twigs, and bark loosened from the head-works above, floated down the current, pulsating like a lace weft on a dark bosom.

Bylands, eying the logs, shouted some direction to three men tranquilly baling out a skiff at the water's edge. They did not seem to understand.

"Will you mind my leaving you alone for a few moments?" he asked Sylvia.

He threw his coat off and ran down the slippery bank. She saw him wave the men off and seize an oar and push the boat out. It was a high-sided skiff, and tipped dangerously with his weight as he reached after a great log and set it round toward the boom, a long pike-pole in his hand. He looked tall and slight and strong as he oscillated in the boat, and Sylvia got a sense of some wild freedom of spirit in him, borne out by the sweeping water and whirling drift. Whatever in the movement of the currents, in the looming hills about, and in the great trees hinted at a life boundless and natural seemed to the girl to be expressed humanly in Bylands.

At her feet the water mouthed the crumbling soil, which, as it yielded, tinged the edges of the stream to a velvet brown. Delk was some way down the river, and she could hear him shouting to a man in a dugout directions for heading off the vagrant logs. A woodland vigor breathed even in his tones.

Sylvia, watching him with an accelerated interest, noticed favorably the rough gray tweeds he wore, his brown throat bared in a loose collar of dark blue flannel. She never afterward saw him cravated and stiffly bosomed for leisure hours without a consciousness of loss and a waning enthusiasm, for at such times he invited comparison with other men she had known, and lost his distinction.

He turned his boat a little, and Sylvia had a sudden strong desire to be in the uncertain shell. She felt the thirst of adventure. The plunge of the current, its eddying and speed emphasized by the woven drift, intoxicated her. It seemed to her that she was altogether out of the movement, as if life, love, all vital possibilities, were silently sweeping past, while she, hugging the inane comfort of safety, stood forlornly on the bank, an atom unspiritualized, because inactive. She had an idea of calling out that she wished to try the fortune of his boat, when she saw that he had got out and was dragging the skiff up stream by the chain, himself walking the boom with an easy unconcern, the water dimpling to the dip of the logs. Below the mill chute he unwound a coil of great rope and cast an end around a tree, handling the stuff like cord as he made fast the float.

Looking up, he could see her leaning forward intent on his motions, her gown gathered about her to keep it free of the damp soil, a long end of ribbon falling in a violet scroll far below her feet. She seemed poised for flight, her pallor and frailty adding to her illusory air.

Bylands felt his work in some sort poetized by her observance. She made him think of himself, and her conceptions of him touched his own consciousness. Courage, honor, peril, in whatever measure these were part of his limited traditions, began to color his actions as Sylvia's influence warmed that tropic belt of his nature in which germs of sentiment had lain inert.

"Do you know," he said, panting from his climb up the chute, "I believe a man could do great things if you sat by watching as if you thought him capable."

"I should like to be some one's inspiration," said Sylvia, modestly. "I would rather tie my favor to the arm of the champion than be the champion himself. It is much to be capable of heroism, it is more to make others capable of it."

Delk did not follow out this notion very carefully. They were stepping across the padded ground to the mill, and while Bylands talked to the sawyer, Sylvia glanced through a delicate powder of sawdust at the log moving toward an erect saw which sliced it like cake. The whir of the machinery confused her for some time after they had gone down the road behind the restless sorrel.

"It is so new and so strange," she said, musingly.

Bylands studied her abstracted face. "I am used to it all," he said; "but to-day it seems almost new to me. It's you, I reckon."

"Oh!" murmured Sylvia. And as he asked, heartily, "Will you go again?" she said, "Whenever you will take me."

Afterward she remembered with displeasure how cordially she had expressed her willingness.

VIII.

It had begun to rain, so Sylvia discovered as she held her hand out the door, and felt her palm sting with sharp drops. Earth and sky were one in the misting darkness.

The woe-begone fir at the porch corner passed indefinitely into the shadows. Further off, the drug-shop window painted the roadway in a wet daub of green. Through the dampness came the sound of men's voices, mixing with bursts of laughter and the twang of a banjo.

"They are having a good time down around the freight-house," Sylvia remarked, shutting the door. "Some one fired a rifle a minute ago. I hope nobody is killed."

The captain reassured her. He was sitting with his feet on the old bar, getting his pipe in working order for the night. The broom-straw with which he had been prodding the pipe-stem was thickly furred with a brown pigment, and he threw it aside.

"They're just projecting," he said. "How'd you-all come out last night at the party?"

"Beautifully," said Sylvia, beating a little tune on an upturned wash-basin. "*She* was there, you know—the fair Rosetta Valley. You haven't half-bad judgment, uncle. She is so lovely I felt like weeping when I looked at her. She impresses me as a masterpiece of art might."

"As a—"

"Oh, you know! Perfection is always a little too much for us. We struggle up toward it as far as we can, but our rapture of appreciation is burdened with a sort of dull wonder that we can't reach far enough."

"I d'know as I git the hang of thet," the captain admitted; "but it sounds like it meant something."

"The clang of an empty vessel," laughed Sylvia, and she shook her head as the captain rebutted this pretty humility.

"It's true," she said, wisely, "I am only about half as smart as I appear. The glitter is mica, not gold. I generally think what I am going to say before I say it. I have got to. There isn't much stuff of thought, and it requires arrangement. When it comes to real mind"—she struck his knee lightly—"you are the one, captain."

"Aw, shucks, Sylvia!"

"It's so. I'll tell you our difference: I am spiritually like a figure in a fashion-plate, nice and fine and rather interesting, but impossible without drapery. You are a Greek marble, magnificently nude, a mental shape which needs no veiling."

The captain's three-cornered lids expressed a shrewd appreciation. "I think better of myself than I did," he owned. "You ain't as pink-cheeked as Rosetty, but—"

"Thank you," broke in his niece, with a feint of meekness; "I think I shall get on. Is Rosetta an only child?"

"The last of four. Her maw was as fine a figure of a woman as I ever laid eyes on—the picture of health; she went in a galloping consumption just the same. It's always the best nut that tempts the worm. Notice that man in here with me last night? Rosetty's father. Fine feller, Bob is; thinks Rosetty's the greatest thing going. When she was away to school, Bob he like to mourned hisself to death."

"She's been to school, then?"

"Two years. But it never hurt her none. She came back just like she went away—sweet as ever. If she learned anything, I never see any difference." The captain gave a chuckle. "So she was over to Whitby's last night? Well, well! She must hev got wind thet Delk was back."

Sylvia glanced up sharply. "Why?" she said.

"Just wrapped up in him," explained her uncle. "He's a lucky dog, thet feller! He's a mighty taking way with women."

Sylvia withdrew her eyes and yawned a little under a trellis of slim fingers.

"It must flatter him to be the object of such distinguished preference—the toast of the county." She was aware of picking her words, but her voice sounded careless. "I saw him talking to her last night. No doubt he is far from insensible to so much sweetness."

"Oh, he's pretty well gone," the captain declared, smartly thumping his pipe. "Folks thet's in love ought to—" he stopped to blow into the stem. "Him and Rosetty's ben a-talking in corners for about a year now—ever since they got engaged." He struck a match.

"Oh," said Sylvia, presently, in rather a languid voice, "they are betrothed, then, you were saying?"

"For a year. This is the meanest tobacco they ben giving me lately, nothing but ground leaves and sawdust." And as Henry Dye just then came noisily into the office, the captain fell upon him savagely. "Look a-here, Dye, what do you call this stuff you folks are selling for tobacco?"

Sylvia heard Dye's retort as from a long distance. The room felt close. She got up and went out on the porch, drawing the door shut. She was aware of a strange sense of humiliation, as if some one had idly struck her across the lips. Following it came first a hot resentment at Bylands, and then a cool rush of reason which made her laugh a little painfully.

"I am offended with him because he did not say at the instant of our meeting, 'Miss Bylands, pray do not look upon me with favor, my heart's doors are not yet red-sealed, but they are blue-ribboned, and even more secure.'"

The wet wind blew into her eyes the loose locks above her forehead. The half-romantic, half-compassionate interest she had begun to take pleasure in now assumed a more actual character. Time had felt the fillip of an enlivening possibility, and Sylvia had been surprised and even amused that its blank face could in so easy a fashion take an expression of alertness. She seemed to herself perfectly certain that her satisfaction in Bylands was not likely to be culminative. His figure, indeed, charmed her with its suggestion of the forest; the look, gait, manner of its mortality set a prick to her fancy. But she suspected that the fine mould held no vital germ, and this deficiency, she thought, would limit any admiration she might feel.

Now that Bylands was put before her in the unattainable character of a man contracted to another woman's bright eyes, it became evident to Sylvia that his inaccessibility gave him a specious sort of value. She began to fear that he was perhaps far more shrewd than she had thought. She remembered her small encouragements, her little friendly wiles to mitigate his supposed bashfulness. Perhaps this young man had set himself to a trial of her favor, and was smiling with himself at the result. She determined to use him coldly, and then decided that a frigid bearing would only serve to accent any notion of her cordiality which Bylands might be pleasantly cherishing.

The next day, after dark, Delk came into the hotel office and sat down with an air of establishing himself for the evening. Sylvia greeted him courteously, but in some odd way he felt chilled by her smiling nod, and addressed himself to the captain. Sylvia, listening to their talk of tides and specifications and improved machinery, was conscious of sitting in judgment on Bylands. She brought to bear on his conversation a lucidity of criticism which had a new flavor of satisfaction in his occasional lapses. His speech was not the speech of books. He did not talk as men talk whose minds are saturated in literature, but Sylvia had to admit that he knew how to put his ideas in square shapes, though his idioms sometimes frisked dangerously near the slang line.

Bylands felt to the innermost pulse of his consciousness this posture of Sylvia's faculties. He had been half afraid of her in her former mood of indulgence. Now he decided that her flattering amiabilities had been merely painted flourishes, that she had tried her colors on his blankness, and smiling at the raw contrasts of tone, had dropped her brush.

He grew horribly alive to himself. His clothes assumed a bucolic look. A nervous coldness stultified his fingers, and his shoes became of a stolid texture, hanging about his feet like wood frames. His discomfort displayed itself in a growing rancor toward the captain, with whom he began to dispute some question.

"I shall go away," said Sylvia's soft voice, stealing over

his perceptions, "if you two are going to keep this up. I don't want to hear scrip and perceptage. I want you to be very amusing, and make up to me for the stupid day I have spent. Nothing has happened except that the Hines girls' dog got into a fight with a yellow puppy this morning. It wasn't much of a contest; the puppy was too soft. He merely yelped and rolled."

"Well," put in the captain, "we'll hev to stir things up. Let's see! If Rosetty— Say, Delk, you speak to Rosetty, won't you? Tell her Sylvia's pretty lonesome. Going over soon?"

"Oh, I reckon!"

"Knob Lick's tol'able high for fording, ain't it? Cross it last night?"

"Yes. It was mighty high."

Happening to glance at Sylvia, he caught a gracious smile.

"How unkind of you," she murmured, spreading her hands to the fire, her white cheeks silken in the dancing blaze of the open stove door—"how unkind of you not to tell me of your special proud interest in Miss Valley!"

Delk's ear took a sense of mockery in her tone, and his eye in the tilt of her small head. He changed the position of his chair. "I didn't suppose you would care anything about it," he said; and Sylvia felt taken down.

She maintained, however, her air of formal courtesy, as time went on, and spring began to be lightly revealed, a mere phantom of itself. Green films hung in certain tree-tops. In others yet barren of buds a delicate amber mist deepened, as if the sap were livening. Grass thickened in the low lands, and on the slopes a verdant atmosphere breathed about thorny shrubs.

At the Lichens house a languorous fashion of house-cleaning was in progress. It seemed to Sylvia to consist chiefly in a continual wetting of floors, which dried in streaks, and were at once wet again. The long halls were specially marked out for these ever-renewed floodings, and Selesty Miggins, with skirts held fast between her knees, slushed the soaped water about with a broom of which the straws were orange-colored with prolonged damp. Mrs. Lichens, in a panting state of hurry, plunged around, dabbling at a window-pane gray with winter smoke, or wildly waving a long cloth at furry chair rungs.

"God knows I ain't able fer no sech slavin'," she told Sylvia. "But what kin yeh do when you are a widder without no husband? Selesty ain't no help. Beaux is all her chune. I tell her she'll see the day she wish she never gazed upon men. Fair to look upon they may be, but in the long-run, mostly, as the good book says, they bite like sarpints and sting like adders."

"I hain't got the first sign of a beau," protested Selesty.

"You're willin' to hev," retorted Mrs. Lichens. "Hain't I seen your eyes wallin' round todes Henny Dye. I'd go without a man if I couldn't git nothin' but a scrub. Goin' fer a walk, Miss Sylvia?"

Sylvia nodded as she tiptoed across the gleaming boards. She stood for a moment on the step, thinking of walking towards the mill office, but remembered that Delk would likely be there, and determined on another direction.

She had seen a good deal of Bylands in the past month. He came often to the hotel, and a certain degree of good-fellowship was established between them. The savor of sentiment which had clung about their earlier acquaintance appeared to have passed away. Sylvia fell into a manner of easy friendliness, which, though it piqued Bylands by reason of its subtle difference from her first bearing, convinced him of her liking. They seldom spoke of Rosetta Valley. Sometimes, just at sundown, Sylvia saw Bylands riding towards Winklers. She knew he was going to see Rosetta, and a singular flatness of feeling overcame her at the thought that she must pass the evening with no other companions than the captain and such friends of his as might chance in. It was scarcely worth while for this audience to have spent any time at her tiring.

Noticing that she always wore colors of lilac, lavender, and purple, Bylands had mentioned the circumstance.

"Yes," said Sylvia. "Most women wear the color that is in vogue. Some pick out and stick by what they consider becoming. One as white as I am would be expected to wear red. But I don't care to be 'lighted up,' and I wear pensive colors because they hit off the suggestiveness of my looks. If I do not intimate moods, caprices, *esprit*, I am nothing. So I wrap myself in the purple stole of reverie. Some time there will come along an intelligent being who will see what I am driving at, and then I shall be repaid."

She decided to-day to wander toward Knob Lick, the water of which was green as jade as she stood looking into it, her heels deep in the jagged gravel, which, along the streamlet's edge, glittered with thin ice melting in a dainty filigree. A man striding a rusty white horse, a meal-bag slung before him, rode into the shallow ford at the opposite side. Beyond him the toll-gate pole of Winklers, still descending, looked like a quivering finger. Sylvia watched the horse lift his feet, heavy with plashing water. In front of him the air was spangled with glassy atoms, in the midst of which the rough nodding head of the horse and the lolling figure of his rider advanced with an odd effect of unreality.

Brown rocks stuck sharply through the water, nibbling at the little ripples, which shuddered past as if they felt the hurt.

"So time gnaws at me," thought Sylvia, glancing away with drawn brows.

Another horseman was taking the stream at the Winklers side; the horse, a sorrel, brightened like a copper cast as he plunged forward, wetting his skin.

Sylvia presently saw that the rider was Bylands, who, as he caught sight of her, cried out. He had a look of eagerness, as of one who bears news. The freshness of the morning dashed his cheek and rang clear in his tone.

"I was just coming to find you," he exclaimed. "What do you think I have just heard?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMATEUR · SPORT

WHEN A COLLEGE IS ABLE to put eleven such men as came out on the field at Springfield last November, eight men with the possibilities contained in those who sat in the Harvard shell last Friday, and still meet with overwhelming defeat, something must be radically wrong with the system of coaching. It is not enough that Captain Trafford said, "We did our best." It is not enough that Captain Kelton says, "We pulled as hard as we could." Some other explanation must be given for the crushing defeat of men who should by all rights make at least the very closest of contests.

Captain Trafford's men lost because they did not have the best advice that could have been given them. Captain Kelton's men crossed the line eighteen lengths behind Yale for the same reason. No coach could have taken the eight men who represented the crimson this year, and in three weeks brought them up to a winning form.

COACH KEYES DID HIS BEST. Had he been with Harvard's crew from the start, the result might have been different, but taking them as he did three weeks before the race, he found himself handicapped by a poor selection and a poor arrangement. There was too much useless beef in the Harvard boat. There were too many forces working against one another. Physically superior to any crew that ever handled the sweeps for the crimson, they were, nevertheless, so markedly out of unison it is a wonder that Harvard was not defeated by many more lengths.

The men in the Harvard boat were practically rowing against each other. The difference between 7 and 8 was more than enough to account for the defeat. Instead of working together for victory, they worked against each other to bring defeat. That is, the four men headed by Lynam on one side kept up a seesaw stroke against the four men headed by Kelton on the other. What might have been the swiftest eight that ever represented the crimson was changed into the slowest by the lack of unison between these two men. Personally considered, they possessed every qualification to lead a crew to victory. But try as they might, they could not mould themselves to act each his own part of the Harvard machine. The short and snappy stroke set by Lynam was too rapid for Kelton to follow; he struggled with it for fifteen or twenty strokes and then gave it up.

THE HARVARD SHELL JUMPED to the front at the start, the men pulled as they had never pulled before in their lives, and it seemed for a moment that there was going to be a race between the two crews. But only for a moment. Yale, with a perfect swing, in perfect time, pulled their shell rapidly to the front, and never after the first eighth of a mile was the result of the race doubtful. The working of the Yale machine was as nearly perfect as it has been my fortune to watch. With beautiful finish they dropped the eight oars into the water, pulled them through, and rowed them home. Not a man failed to do his duty, and the work of the crew was simply beautiful. It is no wonder the Yale coachers were confident of the result. They knew their men, knew what they could do, and they did it.

The unknown quantity in the Harvard boat, of which I wrote last week, when it did make itself manifest, proved to be of poor quality, and entirely unworthy the physical strength represented.

While the Harvard crew appeared to be rowing well, they nevertheless fell to the rear at an astonishing rate. It was not a question of strength. It was not a question of endurance. Skill was what counted, and skill won. Had Harvard been together, there would not have been so much difference between the two crews. It would have been a race from the start to the finish, and the advantage which Harvard had in strength would have counted for something. But as it was, Harvard's strength was worse than useless, for it was pitted against itself.

THERE IS NO DOUBT about it, the Harvard crews are not properly rigged. They need more thorough oversight, and a man with the skill of Mr. Keyes to have general supervision of their work during the winter. Harvard at best cannot be so well off for coachers as Yale, but there are a number of men who could do for Harvard what ought to be done in order to make the annual contest at New London a race and not a procession.

Harvard won last year because, by some lucky chance, aided by Keyes's coaching, the crew got together sufficiently well to set too fast a pace for the poor crew which represented the blue. The victory was not the result of a perfect system of coaching, as was Yale's this year, but simply the favorable (for Harvard) result of a combination of circumstances. There was a chance for that combination this year, but it failed to connect.

Once in six years, Harvard, under her present lack of system, may hope to gain a victory over Yale. But not until her graduates pull together for the common welfare of the crew, combine all their forces, and perfect some system of coaching, can they hope to meet Yale on even terms.

A crew to row well must be selected and settled in their positions weeks before the race. They must be taught, above all things, the importance of working together, that strength counts for nothing unless it is properly applied, and that the least that can be expected of them is to get their oars into the water together.

The form of a crew is essential to stand a long pull, but no crew can keep its form when each man as he puts his oar into the water feels the whole weight of the boat. This was painfully evident in the race last Friday. A few strokes together, and then each man in the boat had to pull for himself. It was not because each man was not trying to keep time. It was simply because the Harvard crew had not been settled in their places long enough to do almost by instinct what was expected of them.

YALE WON BECAUSE SHE HAD A CREW rowing so perfectly together that every pound of strength was utilized in sending the shell ahead. It was no effort for the men to row; each did his part, and fitted into the Yale machine. Yale won easily, and deserves every credit for the victory, but it is too bad Harvard was not able to put them to their best, as, instead of 20 minutes 48 seconds, the time might have touched the record, and probably would, since the crew had proved to be consistently fast by rowing a "timer" over the course the Saturday before the race in 20 minutes 53 seconds. Harvard's time was 21 minutes 42½ seconds.

Captain Hartwell and the Yale coachers, Messrs. Cowles, Cook, Stevenson, Rogers, and Bolton, are to be congratulated; from an average lot of men they developed one of the fastest and best-drilled crews Yale ever had.

THE YALE-HARVARD-COLUMBIA Freshman race was a foregone conclusion so far as Yale was concerned, but it was generally supposed that Harvard could defeat Columbia. Such was not the case, however. The plucky men from New York stuck to their work like veterans. Even when behind, they kept putting them in, until, by sheer force of will over muscle, they disheartened the men in the Harvard shell and forced their shell into the lead.

It was a pretty race between the Harvard and Columbia crews. Yale rowing in fine form was so far ahead that no interest was attached to them. First Harvard was ahead; then Columbia, by a beautiful series of spurts, gradually forced their shell to the fore, until, at the mile and a half, they had the race well in hand. Pure sand and the grit to stick to their work kept them from bringing up the rear, and to young Richards belongs the credit for driving them to it. Harvard men would do well to copy Columbia's perseverance against long odds. Time, Yale, 12.03¼; Columbia, 12.20; Harvard, 12.28.

SPORTSMEN ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED on the growing importance of their especial field. To have received daily recognition from an exponent so capable and experienced as the *Spirit of the Times* is to have gained a powerful ally in the interest of honest, clean sport.

The *Daily Spirit of the Times* is a source of much information for its readers and a credit to its proprietor, E. A. Buck, and its managing editor, the veteran W. B. Curtis. May they all live long and prosper!

WE FANCY WE ARE A PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE, until something like the following meets our eye:

"Spiked shoes will not be allowed on the cinder track" was the startling statement which appeared on the prospectus of the Great Yarmouth Easter sports. It almost goes without saying that the committee last week decided to abandon the meeting on account of paucity of entries."—*London Pastime.*

THE NEW YORK CANOE CLUB'S International Challenge Cup is to remain in this country for another year at least, as was predicted in these columns last week. The fifth series of races was sailed Tuesday and Wednesday, June 21st and 22d, to accommodate Mr. Ford Jones, the representative of the challenging club, instead of on the 25th, as at first proposed. Although Mr. Oxholm, representing the New York Canoe Club, led almost from the start in both races, and gained steadily to the finish, the contests were extremely interesting. Both were sailed without errors of any kind, and Jones managed his boat and calculated his distances quite as well as Oxholm. The difference in time at the finish can be clearly traced to the canoes. *Glenwood* is a new boat of beautiful lines, strongly built, and fitted with the very latest "ideas" in sliding seat, cockpit, and rig. *Canuck* is four years old, heavy, not well built originally, but of good lines. Her great success in the past was due almost entirely to the very able way in which she has been sailed by her owner, one of the best small-boat sailors in the world. The wind was light on Tuesday, and Oxholm's lead at the finish was almost ten minutes, which means considerably over a mile. The time between the two canoes at the finish on Wednesday was less than four minutes, and some very fast sailing was done, as the wind was strong and puffy. Oxholm at one time during the race reached a mile in less than six minutes, which means sailing at the rate of about eleven miles an hour—wonderful going for a boat only sixteen feet over all.

THE LAWN-TENNIS SEASON has now fairly opened, and while the play thus far has not been particularly promising, it is reasonably certain that the great expectation of the enthusiasts will be satisfied later on. I understand that both Knapp and R. P. Huntington will play only at Newport this summer, and two dangerous elements are thus removed from the minor tournaments. But while our champion, Mr. Campbell, is obtaining the best of practice in English courts, Mr. Hobart, his greatest rival of last year, is thus early in the field, and demonstrating that he possesses that same skill and that same powerful stroke which carried him through last season with but one defeat. E. L. Hall, too, is reaping the benefits of early tournament practice, while Hovey—the brilliant but uncertain Hovey—has been too much occupied with baseball at Harvard to take up his racket.

THE EXCITING NEWS of last week was, of course, the defeat of our champion, Campbell, for the English championship, at Wimbledon. There was some disappointment over the fact that his conqueror was A. W. Gore, who in last year's classification of English players was allowed odds of fifteen from the scratch men, W. Baddeley, Pim, and E. W. Lewis. Campbell had been playing in many tournaments prior to the championship, and had suffered defeats at the hands of other than first-class men, but his friends in this country, who remembered his experience in former seasons here, were confident that the defeats were merely incidents of his working into form, and that Wimbledon would tell a different story. Gore won the match, which was in the second round of the tournament, in three straight sets, but the last two were deuce and vantage, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that our champion fought gallantly to the last stroke.

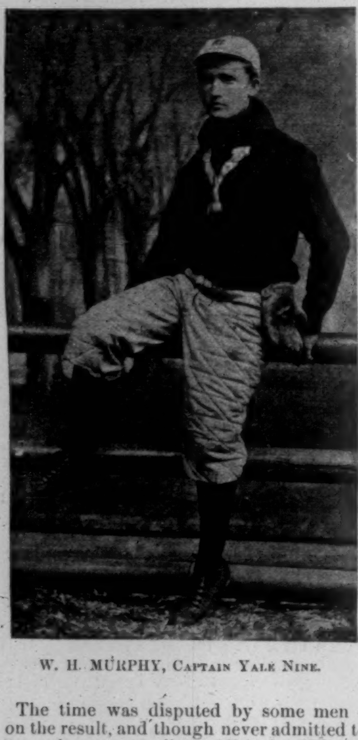
IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE that in last year's classification Gore was allowed one-half fifteen by E. G. Meers, whom Campbell defeated at Newport in 1889. It is true that Meers has improved wonderfully since that time, but certainly not more than Campbell. It will be remembered that Meers after his defeat complained bitterly of the weakening effects of the Newport sun, and said that he could never do himself justice in this country. I don't believe that Campbell is now making excuses for his defeat, and all the more on that account his friends may properly plead them. Perhaps our champion was unable to do himself justice in the damp, wet, fog-laden atmosphere of England. At any rate, it may well be doubted that any player can go into a strange country, thousands of miles from home, and while surrounded by a multitude, all of whom desire to see him beaten, perform just as well as when encouraged by the plaudits of enthusiastic friends. Notwithstanding the result at Wimbledon, I think that Campbell's experience abroad will render him almost invincible for our own championship. It having recently been stated in print that one of our ex-champions would again enter the lists this year, I cannot understand to whom reference is made. R. D. Sears, much to the sorrow of his friends, is suffering from an illness which physically incapacitates him from all play, and Slocum, the only remaining ex-champion, I have it on the best authority, at present has no intention of again competing.

THE MEN'S SINGLES AT PHILADELPHIA resulted in a great upset, which, without disrespect to R. V. Beach, the winner, might also be termed a "fluke." First of all, Clarence Hobart suffered his first defeat since 1890, barring that by Campbell for last year's championship. The defeat was administered by M. D. Smith, of Philadelphia, always steady and reliable, but not in the same class with Hobart. It is said that Hobart was exhausted by previous efforts.

Smith, in turn, was compelled to yield to Beach, who certainly was performing better than usual. Hobart was consoled by winning, in company with Miss Cahill, the first mixed doubles championship ever held under the auspices of the National Association, and as Miss Cahill and Miss McKinley captured the ladies' doubles, the members of the New York Tennis Club returned home much elated at securing the championship in all three events.

The Middle States Championship was decided on the grounds of the Orange Lawn-tennis Club last week. Since the famous old St. George Cricket Club, which held this championship for so many years, no longer retains its grounds, Orange seems to be the best place for this event. Only a fair entry list was attracted last week, and as at the time of the going to press of this department Richard Stevens had already defeated W. A. Larned, of Cornell, and W. V. Johnson, of Princeton, two of the best players entered, it seemed a foregone conclusion that he would earn the right to meet C. E. Sands for the Middle States Championship. This week the Country Club of Westchester County is holding its annual invitation tournament. Some of the best tennis of the year has been shown in former tournaments given by this club.

The first Harvard-Yale boat-race was a three-mile pull on Winnipisogee in 1852, in a six-oared barge, and won by Harvard, though the time was not recorded. The next one was in '55, for the same distance (one and a half miles down river and return), at Springfield, on the Connecticut. Each university entered two six-oared barges, and Harvard secured both first and second honors in 22 minutes. In '59 the scene of action was changed to Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Massachusetts, over a three-mile course with a turn, and Harvard was again victorious in 19 minutes 18 seconds. And yet again in '60, the crimson was the winner on the same course in 18 minutes 50 seconds. There was no race in '61, '2 or '3, but in '64 the event was resumed, and won by Yale in 19 minutes 1 second. From this on till '70 the race was rowed annually on the lake at Worcester in six-oar shells, Yale winning in '65, and Harvard in the remaining five years. The fastest recorded time, 17 minutes 48½ seconds, for these races was made by Harvard in '68, but in '65 Yale won over the same course in 17 minutes 42½



W. H. Murphy, Captain Yale Nine.

seconds. The time was disputed by some men who had gambled on the result, and though never admitted to record, its correctness is pretty well established. From '58 to '70 inclusive, therefore, Harvard won six races and lost two. In '58 there was no race, owing to the drowning of Dunham, of the Yale crew. In '59 Yale beat Harvard in the Citizens' Regatta on the second day by 2 seconds. In '70, Yale finished over a mile ahead, but the race was awarded Harvard on a claim of foul at the turning-stake. In '71 there was no race. From '72 to '73 two races were rowed over a three-mile straight-away course down the Connecticut River at Springfield, open to all college crews. Amherst won in '72, in 16 minutes 33 seconds, the fastest time. Yale secured one first and Harvard two second prizes. In '74 and '75 the regatta was held on Saratoga Lake, and neither Harvard nor Yale won a place in any of the races.

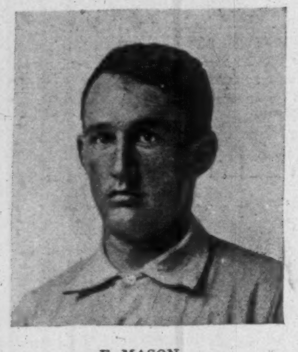
The conditions and course were so unsatisfactory that the two larger universities determined on rowing an annual race that would exclude all other colleges, and in '76 the idea materialized into the first eight-oared race between Yale and Harvard. It was rowed at Springfield, Massachusetts, on the Thames River, June 30th, on smooth water, Yale winning easily by half a minute in 22 minutes 2 seconds. The Harvard crew was coached by Loring, stroke of the crew that rowed Oxford in '69, and rowed about the same stroke as in that year. In the intercollegiate regatta, several weeks later, at Saratoga, Harvard was beaten only a length by Cornell's veteran crew.

On June 30, '77, Harvard, with Bancroft as stroke, in a heavy head-wind and rough water, beat Yale 7 seconds in 24.36. The Yale crew, though light, was gaining throughout the last mile, despite the fact that their shell was without washboards and half full of water, nearly sinking under the men, and having to be dumped at the river-bank just after the race.

In 1878, at New London, the Harvard crew, practically the same as in the previous year, established a record of 20 minutes 44½ seconds, which was not beaten until 1884, and, with a strong tide and a brisk northwest wind, defeated Yale easily.

Harvard in 1879 was fortunate enough to again have about the same veteran crew of the previous year, and it won from Yale, against a head-wind, by 1 minute and 12 seconds in 23 minutes 48 seconds. These two Harvard crews of '78 and '79 were remarkable for their strength and skill. Bancroft's stroking was superb, and the power and form of Jacobs, Smith, Schwartz, and Stowe, under the coaching of R. C. Watson, who served in that capacity during these three years, were admirable.

On July 1, 1880, Yale, coached by Fred Wood and Bob Cook, with a crew of great power and weight (176 pounds) and moderate skill, beat Harvard 42 seconds in 24 minutes 27 seconds, against the wind. In '81 the same Yale crew again defeated Harvard by 6 seconds in 22 minutes 13 seconds, after a desperate effort by the latter to overcome the lead taken at the start by Yale. This was a beautiful race on very smooth water, very little tide, and a slight head-wind. Fred Wood coached Yale, and Bancroft, Harvard.

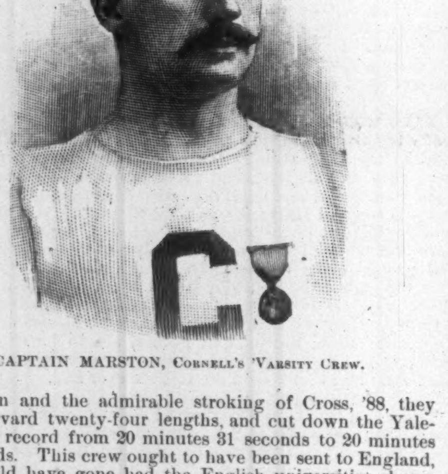


F. Mason, Catcher Harvard Nine.

In '82 a new departure was made by Yale toward professional methods and experiments. The boat was 67 feet long, the crew rigged in pairs, and the stroke quickened to 42–46. Yale took a lead of about a length, was steered so wildly that they almost ran into the east shore just beyond the mill, and with the result that Harvard had a long lead at the navy-yard, two miles and a quarter from the start. Notwithstanding the "whip-saw" stroke and more erratic steering at the finish, the Yale crew nearly overcame this lead, and was beaten a scant 3 seconds, in 20 minutes 47½ seconds, with a strong tide and water like glass.

Under Bancroft's able coaching Harvard in '83 easily beat Yale over a minute in 25 minutes 46½ seconds, thus exploding the value of the new professional theories Yale had the year before adopted. Bob Cook, whose able advice had been cast to the winds in the two previous years, when Yale was forsaking the substance for the shadow, was sportsmanlike enough after this last defeat to receive the prodigals at Philadelphia, where he coached some of them all summer. With practically a new set of men, faithful work, and magnificent coaching, Yale in '84 not only defeated Harvard, after a hard race for two miles, Yale leading at the mile and Harvard leading over the second mile line, but broke the record, finishing in 20 minutes 31 seconds, Harvard's time being 20 minutes 47 seconds, with wind and tide favorable. This was a great race; the spirited and determined work of the Yale crew wearing Harvard down at the 2¼-mile flag. The heroic work and splendid form and grit of Robert C. Perkins, who had been made the Harvard stroke but a few days before, challenged the admiration of experts, and has been seldom equalled on the river. In '85, with seven of the same crew as in '84, Yale was unmercifully beaten over a minute by Captain Storrow's Harvard crew in rough water. This was a case of over-confidence misplaced with the usual result. At Harvard Bancroft had been given up after the '84 defeat, and the so-called Storrow-Faulkner system adopted. Its sweeping success in '85 caused Harvard to adhere to it for several years after its inferiority to the Yale system had become apparent to others.

In '86 Mr. Cook left the hospital, and with pieces of his skull in his vest pocket, hastened to New Haven to help the Yale crew wipe out the defeat of '85. Under the brilliant captaincy of Alfred Cowles this was easily accomplished. Harvard, with almost the same crew as in the previous year, was in turn a victim to over-confidence, and Yale won a pretty race up-stream, with smooth water and fair tide, in 20 minutes 41⅕ seconds. Harvard had a magnificent crew in '87, beating Columbia in 20 minutes 20 seconds, the fastest record up to that time. Yale, however, won the race at New London, after a desperate struggle for two and a quarter miles, in 22 minutes 56 seconds, Harvard's time being 23 minutes 10½ seconds, with perfect water, no tide, and a slight head-wind on the last two miles. In '88 another change in coachers was made at Harvard. Messrs. Watson, Peabody, and Bacon were put in charge, but Yale produced the fastest crew she ever had. Under the coaching of Cook, Cowles, and Rogers, together with the skill and judgment of Captain



Captain Marston, Cornell's 'Varsity Crew.

Stevenson and the admirable stroking of Cross, '88, they beat Harvard twenty-four lengths, and cut down the Yale-Harvard record from 20 minutes 31 seconds to 20 minutes 10 seconds. This crew ought to have been sent to England, and would have gone had the English universities shown such willingness to row as that evinced by Oxford this year to meet the winner of the '92 Harvard-Yale race.

In 1889 the coachers of '88 gave way at Harvard to Messrs. Storrow and Brooks. The race was neck and neck for a mile, when Yale drew away gradually, and won in 21 minutes 30 seconds, Harvard 21 minutes 59 seconds, perfect water, little tide, and a slight breeze dying out. The race of '90 was one of the best ever rowed. The boats were actually running abreast for two miles, each crew giving a superb display of their respective methods. It was difficult to tell which was leading until one mile and three-quarters were covered. Yale finally won by 11 seconds in 21 minutes 29 seconds, Harvard gaining slightly in the last half-mile.

The race of '91 gave Harvard her first victory since '85, and showed that at last her boating department had realized the importance of following one established system of rowing rather than changing each year to something different.

Yale had the same good system, but she had also an extremely heavy crew with two or three men who could not be bought to row. The race became a procession almost from the start. Harvard caught the water and forged ahead at once, while Yale went to pieces, a couple of her men swinging out of the shell, and No. 6 practically stroking the crew. Harvard won easily in 21 minutes 23 seconds, pulling in fine form, and not being extended, in good water, and a slight tide and breeze in their favor.

The following table gives the result of the races up to this year:

Date.	Winning Crew.	Time.
June 30, 1876	Yale	22.02
June 30, 1877	Harvard	24.36
June 28, 1878	Harvard	20.44½
June 27, 1879	Harvard	23.48
July 1, 1880	Yale	24.27
July 1, 1881	Yale	22.13
June 30, 1882	Harvard	20.47½
June 28, 1883	Harvard	25.46½
June 26, 1884	Yale	20.31
June 26, 1885	Harvard	25.15⅕
July 2, 1886	Yale	20.41⅕
July 1, 1887	Yale	22.56
June 29, 1888	Yale	20.10
June 28, 1889	Yale	21.30
June 27, 1890	Yale	21.29
June 26, 1891	Harvard	21.23

Thus it is shown that of the sixteen races from '76 to '91, inclusive, Yale has won nine and Harvard seven, while Yale has also made the two fastest times—20 minutes 31 seconds in '84, and 20 minutes 10 seconds in '88.

Four to three in Yale's favor as the result of the second and last game in the Yale-Harvard series proves, indeed, the uncertainty of college baseball. No one who had followed the playing of the two nines would have hesitated to declare Harvard stood, by long odds, the best chance of winning. The splendid batting record of her men was almost a guarantee of her being victorious despite Yale's acknowledged beautiful fielding. Even the Yale men had scored up the game as a loss, and journeyed to New Haven out of pure loyalty to the old blue. And their loyalty was handsomely rewarded, for their team played a magnificent game of ball, while Harvard, owing partly to the absence of Mason behind the bat to give Highlands full confidence, puffed up by previous success, and blind to the strong points of Yale, gave an exhibition that was very unexpected from a veteran team with such a record. For a nine that has batted so phenomenally all this season, the stick-work of Harvard was simply incomprehensible. Though I am not forgetting to give Bowers all the credit he so richly deserves for his very able work, I have frequently said this Yale pitcher was very much underestimated, and his form this year has proved the correctness of my opinion. He uses his head more than any amateur pitcher on the field, he knows just the kind of ball every opposing batsman can hit the least well, and he conducts himself accordingly.

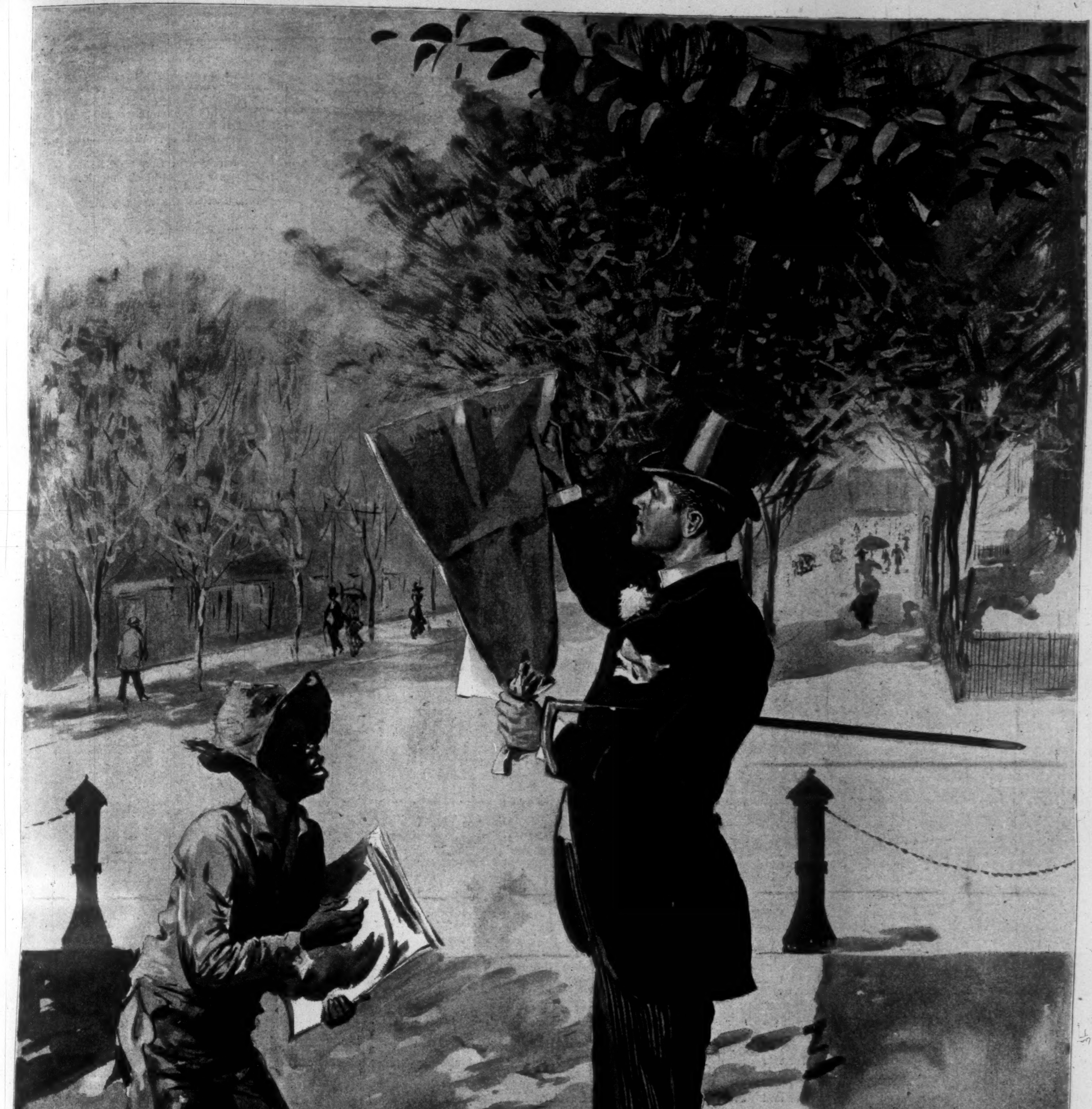
L. A. Frothingham, Captain Harvard Nine.

When the game opened, Harvard was at the bat. A base on balls, a hit, and good luck brought Hallowell home. From this time forth Harvard's confidence was manifest. In the field their playing, though marked by brilliancy at times, showed weakness at critical periods. Yale took advantage of every misplay, and before Harvard awakened to the fact, had the game well in hand. Highlands, try as best he might, could not keep the Yale men from hitting the ball, while Bowers was holding the Harvard men to scattered hits. The Yale batters treated Highlands as Harvard had confidently expected to treat Bowers. They batted his delivery, and made every hit count.

The Yale nine merits all the praise that can be given them. The stolid manner in which they fought and won the contest speaks volumes for their pluck and steadiness. Every Yale man played strongly. Beall did great work, and Murphy put up the game of his life. As for Harvard, they made poor use of the fine material in hand, and must go on record as having made a very ordinary showing with the strongest batting nine that has represented any college for years.

The college cheering was not like what we heard at the first Harvard-Yale game. The well-organized cheer is expected, and adds to the zest of the players and pleasure of the spectators. But such a method of exhibiting enthusiasm as that shown by the occupants of the tower of the Yale grand stand was not creditable to Yale, and a poor return for the courtesy shown the Yale nine at Cambridge. Harvard's futile attempt to get on a third game with Yale must make her wish now she had agreed to a third game earlier in the season.

Caspar W. Whitney.



ON CONNECTICUT AVENUE, WASHINGTON.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 654]
Colored Newsboy: "Read me sumpin to holler, Boss."

TREES OF THE AMERICAN DESERT.

The Snake River Valley in eastern Idaho appears to the traveller as one wide plain of arid sand. The gray mountains on each side, the volcanic peaks, the sage and rabbit bushes, the ragged settlements, all help to make the scene dreary. It is a desert, and must so remain until capitalists have turned the water of the river into irrigating ditches. Scattered about on this desert plain are great breadths still more barren than the plain as a whole appears to be, for they could not be cultivated even were irrigation possible. And yet, curiously enough, these arid breadths are to the eye the most attractive parts of the plain.

The whole valley was once a lake of molten lava, which froze over, and then decomposed until a soil was formed. This done, the flood beneath tore wide rents in the crust and boiled up in torrents that rolled across the plain. As the torrents spread, they cooled so rapidly that they formed pictures in charcoal, so to speak, that remain to this day to portray the wonders of the great convulsion. But for one feature the pictures would be wellnigh perfect portraits of desert desolation.

A MESQUITE GROVE IN DEATH VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.
Diameter of largest Trunk shown five inches.

That feature is the cedar-tree. These lava masses, in texture much like charcoal or slag, support most curious and interesting groves. A little dust driving along with the wind lodges in a crevice. The snow and the rain moisten it, and then in some way a seed reaches the mass and germinates. The tiny roots curl about the sharp angles of the environment and work their way into the holes left by the bubbling gases in the walls themselves. They break up the rock to which they cling, and in some way find nourishment during the process. Eventually the trunk rises above the top of the crevice, and then begins a struggle for life worth the attention of the despairing.

On the plains of Idaho the wind never ceases. It takes the frail little shrub in its grasp, and pulls and twists and torments; it rubs the trunk against the crags, tearing off the bark and wearing away the wood; it cuts the leaves and breaks the limbs. But the shrub holds on. As one side is worn away, new growth is formed on the other. A limb dies here, but a new one sprouts elsewhere, and by-and-by the shrub becomes a tree. Short and squat, ragged and split, often with no living bark save a narrow strip on one side, and with more dead branches than live ones, it is a most distressful tree to look upon. And yet, like many people who lead distressful lives, the cedars are very useful. The pioneer is taking possession of the plain, and is stringing barbed wire about his claims. No better fence-posts can be found anywhere than the tough trunks of these lava-bed cedars. Not half the trees have trunks fit for posts; but the worst are good for fuel, and while they last, will be of the greatest service to the settlers.

The hottest and most arid spot in the world during summer months, as most readers know, is Death Valley, in Inyo County, California. Lying in one place 200 feet below the level of the sea, walled in by precipitous mountains that rise from one to two miles above it, its atmosphere in August is kiln-dried, until so arid that men have died of thirst there with canteens full of water at hand—they could not supply the body with water as fast as the hot dry air sapped it away.

Nevertheless, between October and April, Death Valley is a place to which a tourist in search of novel experiences can safely and well direct his course. He would find there, among other things, an interesting ethnological study in the white American Arab; a rattlesnake with horns; curious beds of salts in the sink of a dry river; portions of the bottom of an old lake on the pointed peaks of mountains; an interesting growth of trees in a constant struggle with an interesting growth of sand dunes.

Arid as the atmosphere is there, Death Valley is not wholly devoid of water. Little streams can be found in the mountains, and some water from these finds its way through the sand of the valley at a depth of twelve or fifteen feet from the surface. It can be reached by digging, if one knows where to dig, and the one trustworthy sign of water is the mesquite-tree. Wherever there is a flow of water beneath the surface, the thickets of mesquite-trees grow.

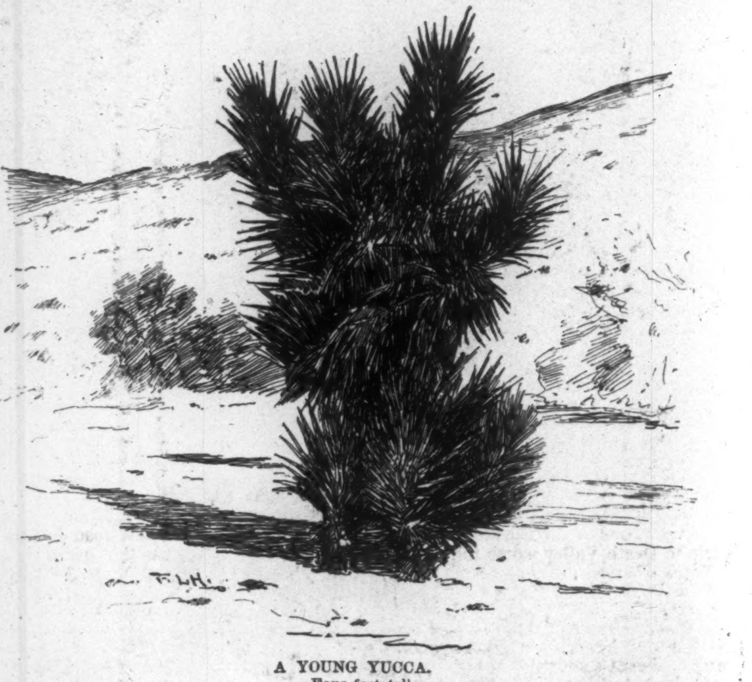
It is not a very large tree—say six feet high and six inches in diameter at best. It branches just above the sand, and spreads out in such crooked limbs that a straight stick a foot long would be a curiosity. But it is in its place a most useful tree. The seed—the mesquite bean—serves as bread for the American Arabs, white and Piute, and as oats for their horses. The dead trunks make superior fuel, and the dead roots may even be used in place of coal at the blacksmith's forge. The strolling prospector who can make his camp in a mesquite grove asks nothing better. His wind-break and his camp fire are perfect.

It is when serving as a wind-break, so to speak, that the mesquite has a struggle for life with the sand dune. The storms of Death Valley are at all seasons, some think, phenomenal. They are sand storms. They smoke air to the mountain-tops, while whirling blasts from the cañons catch the dusty clouds in their embrace to form the semblances of water-spouts at sea—tall waving sand-spouts waltzing along the valley. The sand of these storms gathers about a mesquite and forms a little dune that rises with each succeeding storm. It buries the lower limbs on one side; the tree throws out new shoots on another and holds on to life. The dune rises higher and higher, covering the old and the new growth, until at last the green of every leaf pales, the bark shrivels, and life ebbs slowly away.

When the tree dies the sand dune rises no higher, the smaller dead branches are broken away, and only a black stub protrudes here and there from the yellow mound to tell of the body buried within.

From 1883 to 1888 Death Valley mesquite-trees were used as fuel in a factory established there to purify the

THE YUCCA-PALM OF THE MOJAVE DESERT.
This Trunk was one foot in Diameter.



A YOUNG YUCCA.
Four feet tall.

A NAKED CYPRESS ON THE BEACH NEAR MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA.

CEDAR-TREE ON THE LAVA BEDS OF IDAHO.
Frequently grows where the lava is as crisp as charcoal.

crude borax found in the marsh. "We cut our wood with a shovel; it was a placer proposition," said an employé. The wood-gatherers dug into a dune until a strong stub was reached, took two half-hitches on it with a chain attached to a mule, encouraged the mule to walk away, and out came the stub. Some dunes contained five cords of fuel.

There are other desert trees. There is the little poplar that grows in clumps on the lee side of the Snake River Valley ridges, where snow-drifts accumulate in winter. It is a tree of perfect form, but its size is always in proportion to the depth of snow that piles above it in winter. There are groves of old trees no more than four feet tall.

Then there is the piñon, or nut-pine, that grows among barren rocks at an altitude of nine thousand feet or more on the desert mountains of Nevada. It serves the scattered mining camps as fuel. Its nuts are a staple article of food among the whites as well as the Piutes.

Last of all is the yucca-palm. The traveller sees yucca-palms scattered along the southern routes to California. The trunk looks not unlike that of an ash. Within a thin shell a fibrous pith is found. A company once shipped many thousands of these trees to England, where they were made into paper. It is said that a fibre fit for twine can be obtained from them.

The branches do not taper. "Their fingers are all thumbs," as my guides aid of them. The bayonetlike leaves grow in bunches about the ends of the branches, and because of their shape, have given the name Spanish-bayonet to the tree. A few miles out from Daggett, San Bernardino County, is a yucca grove that looks like an orchard thousands of acres in extent. When this orchard is in bloom, when on the end of each stubby limb a great cluster of white flowers is formed, the scene is one of the features of the landscape that makes a trip to Death Valley worth the trouble.

There are trees and trees—from the second-growth maples that make gorgeous the banks of the Hudson to the giant sequoias of Tulare; from the shapely spruce about Moosehead Lake to the rheumatic cypress that attracts the eye of the visitor as he rolls along the seventeen-mile drive at Monterey. But if a tourist would like to see trees rarely seen, and which, because of their location, are appreciated as no others in the world are, let him go where he can see the trees of the great American desert.

JOHN R. SPEARS.

IN A CLOVER FIELD.

I WATCH the waves of light at morning steal
Across the fields of clover blowing pink,
And in their airy joyous movement feel
The rippling music of the bobolink.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

ON A CHICAGO ELEVATED.

IF you have ever heard a man call out in a bronchial voice, "Chatham Square—change here for Fulton, Wall, and South Ferry," it is not necessary to travel to Chicago to see the operation of a city elevated railroad. For Chicago has an elevated railroad at last, and quite proud is the Western metropolis of the acquisition. A town that has one or more elevated railroads is not a nobody. To sit at the window of the rapidly moving train, to watch the panorama of houses and people and animation that it skims along over, to hear the businesslike cry of the guard as station after station is attained, to look at the rushing crowd, and to hear the noise that is made by it all, is to feel that you have your hand on a large population.

Chicago's elevated railroad is exactly like those of New York, with a few qualifications. The structure of the road is much the same—perhaps a little better; the cars are built on the same plan; the stations are at about the same distance apart; the little blue signs indicating the streets are exact copies of the Manhattan's; the guards follow the same plan of conduct, calling out the street and the station that is next to come. But there, it seems to me, the similarity ends, and the differences begin. New York's four elevated roads run over four of the main arteries of the city. Chicago's road runs through an alley. In a ride on the Third or Sixth Avenue line, one ploughs through miles and miles of interesting city scenery—lofty buildings, crowded streets, hotels, theatres, shops, traffic. A ride on Chicago's new road discloses the æsthetic spectacle of the backs of tenement-houses fronting each other—to use a Hibernianism; frequently a stable, with all its belongings and hereditaments, pops into the eye, with the gaping hostler, arms akimbo, in a picturesque attitude near the door. The train whisks by a long row of three-story flats, the back porches of which present studies in dirt and old clothes drying, brooms, coal-scuttles, kitchen débris, and tenants staring the passengers out of face with defiant eye. A gaunt warehouse with high windows gives place to the rear of a cheap hotel, with blinds judiciously drawn, and there it spins along through back yards, tenement rears, hotel rears, warehouse rears, and stable fronts, until at least one-third of the journey is made, and the surroundings toward the southern part of the city become more clean and wholesome.

It is not to be denied that this perpetual confrontment with this continuous back view of city life conduces toward forlornness and hopelessness of feeling in a man. The human mind turns with natural aversion from being taken, as it were, by the back of the neck and held with its face constantly toward the back door and the back yard of things. One likes to look at life from in front and at the front, where people spend time and money and care in making things bright. Very few people polish up the rears of their dwellings, and bestow their best adornment on their woodsheds and ash-boxes. Their scrapers are always placed on the front steps. Why? Because visitors are never ushered in through the alley gate.

These dumb facts looked at me from the rear of some four miles of street on a ride in one of the new Chicago elevated trains the other day. And while I admired the beauty of the road and its equipments, I could not refrain from mentally comparing the surroundings with those of the New York roads. But (as was observed by a Hyde Park man who passed in through the wrong gate, and was yelled out of it again by the station-men) there are no alleys in New York, and that is the reason its roads run on the avenues.

It would not be just to half state the case. If a ride on the new road has its disadvantages and unpleasantnesses, it has the reverse of these as well. After passing Twelfth Street, there are given the passenger alternately views of bedraggled back yards and glimpses of as pretty city street fronts as are to be seen anywhere. Every intersecting street running east and west through the town opens a view of deftly cut lawns, waving green trees, pleasant houses on either side, the whole charming vista ending in the sparkling waves of Lake Michigan, that rises up to the horizon like the sea—to all appearance the very sea itself, even to the white sail yachts and noble schooners lying down to stiff breezes on the surface. As yet only the northern section of the road has been put into operation, and the present southern terminus is at Thirty-ninth Street. The whole road contemplates a straight line of service between Congress Street on the north and Sixty-third Street on the south—a distance of more than seven miles. The stations, unlike those of New York, are on the street level, but the landing platforms on the elevated level are duplicates of the Manhattan roads. Indeed, with a few quite trifling exceptions, the Chicago road is a perfect imitation of the older lines.

But the guards! Bless you, the guards are a study! Prim, clean, neatly shaven, smiling, affable, accommodating fellows they are. Every man of them is dressed in a new blue brass-buttoned uniform, and as self-conscious as a peacock. No Mercury in powder could fling open the door with such superb grace, or cry out with such consummate perfection of tone and accent: "Twenty-eight! Thirty-fifth next!" One guard in particular, I observed, evidently believed that his position, his uniform, and the importance of the matter in hand warranted a less laconic interpretation of his message, and went so far as to render it this wise: "Thirty-eighth Street! Thirty-fifth is the next stop, please!" It is too much to hope, however, that as the traffic increases and the crowds grow larger the guards will maintain the high standard of ethics they have set themselves. But it is to be hoped that they will not in the end become the uncompromising swash-bucklers that elevated railroad guards have been known to develop into with a rapidity faster than the fastest rapid transit extant.

The managers of the new Chicago road promise that their line will be in operation over its entire extent before the opening of the World's Fair in 1893.

M. A. LANE.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

THOSE who say there is nothing new under the sun would be sorely put to it to find the counterpart of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavor. When, before this year of grace, has the earth thrilled to the tread of 1,200,000 young people bound together with a single pledge—to do what? Elect Cleveland? Elect Harrison? Pedal a bicycle or swing a tennis racquet? No; to read the Bible and pray every day, to take part regularly in prayer-meeting, support their own churches, and engage in active Christian enterprises. There's a new aspect of Young America for you! Young America? I should rather say Young World.

If any one thinks that Christianity is senescent, he has sufficient answer in this army of 1200 full regiments. It is marching with the steady swing of veterans, and yet with the buoyancy of youth. Now and then an old Christian shrugs his shoulders, "After us, the deluge." True; a deluge of fresher vigor, keener wits, stronger faith. Look at the young people's religious societies of this decade, and you will have no fear for the church of the twentieth century.

To one who believes all this, it is, indeed, astonishing that there are some who never heard of the Christian Endeavor movement, who do not know how, only eleven years ago last February, from the elements of a revival in a church in Maine, an earnest pastor, and faithful people, was crystallized this new jewel of the church's sceptre, the Christian Endeavor pledge. What was attractive about it? Where were the jokes, the uniforms, the cake and candy, the glitter and gayety, that alone were supposed capable of drawing young people? If for nothing else, the world owes this movement its profound gratitude for proving the deep seriousness of the young. It used to be said, "Win them by persons." Now it is said, "Win them by principles."

Christian Endeavor societies have been from the start eminently spiritual. They have dealt with fundamentals. They have appealed to the thoughtful and uncarnal young manhood and maidenhood with confidence and success. More than that, they have exhibited Young America's—Young World's—genius for applied Christianity. Fish for the young with a general exhortation, and they will grin at it as the pickerel grins at the float. Fish for them with the hook of a principle baited with a definite duty, and they are yours.

How practical these 1,200,000 young folks are! Their monthly consecration meeting, in which each member answers to his name at the roll-call with some expression of allegiance to Christ, is typical of their general tendency. Every one has a part in the working, as in the praying. He may be on the Prayer-meeting Committee, find and assist the leaders of the meeting, join in the five-minute preparatory prayer-meeting for the success of the service, plan for varied ways of conducting it. He may be on the Lookout Committee, calling on the absentees, exhorting and assisting non-participants, watching for new members and bringing them in, sending out printed invitations and circulars explaining the purpose of the society. As one of the Flower Committee he may adorn the pulpit, and after the service distribute bouquets and loving messages among the sick and poor. On the Social Committee he may get up pleasant entertainments and social evenings, where the Lookout Committee may work. As member of the Good Literature Committee he may gather the old books and magazines from the congregation and send them to hospitals, prisons, railroad waiting-rooms, barbers' shops, fire departments, and such places; he may get up clubs for the church papers; he may organize book clubs and church libraries. On the Sunday-school Committee he holds himself ready to teach a class; he watches after stray-aways; he seeks recruits. On the Temperance Committee he gets up temperance meetings, circulates the pledge, adds one more to the mighty swarm of Endeavor petitions that are now at Chicago begging for a temperate and Sabbath-keeping exposition, or he organizes, as has been done even in some large cities, a campaign that will close every saloon in town. On the Missionary Committee he carries on missionary meetings; he persuades his society to promise for missions, as hundreds of societies have promised, a certain sum each week from each member; he gets them to undertake the support of a missionary, or the teaching of one heathen boy, or the building of a new mission church for the denomination to which they belong, or the enlarging of their own church; or often he solemnly

WILLISTON CHURCH, PORTLAND, MAINE.
Where the first Christian Endeavor Society was formed.

dedicates his own life to the foreign-mission field. The Invitation Committee, the Music Committee, the Calling Committee, the Press Committee (to print a church paper or edit an Endeavor department of the town paper), the Correspondence Committee (to keep track of Endeavorers who are absent from the town), the Pastor's Aid Committee (to do little odd jobs for the pastor)—the ingenuity of these consecrated young folks is endless! After a young Christian has done earnest work on each of these committees, he is pretty well equipped with methods of practical Christianity.

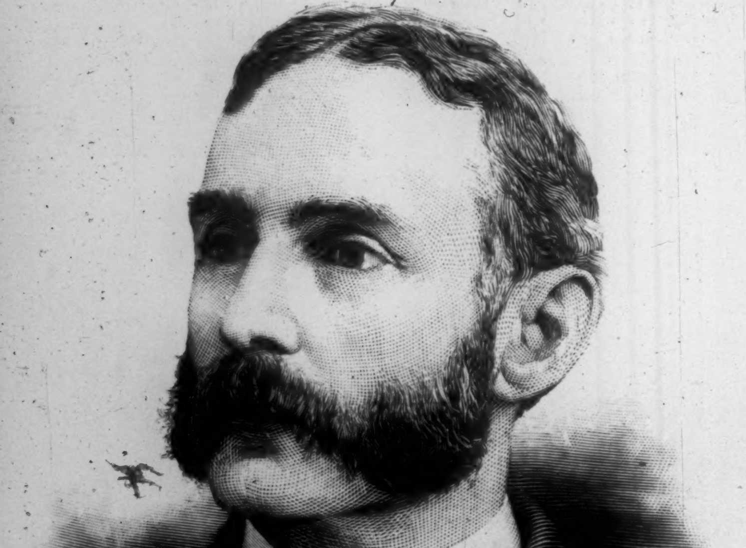
This is not a fancy sketch or a mosaic. These million young folks are actually at work in these ways, and are at work with amazing vigor and perseverance. No fickle or fictitious cause could bring together such a body as will attend the Eleventh International Convention of Societies of Christian Endeavor, to be held in the city of New York, July 7th–10th. What a gathering! Twenty-five thousand young people met together for the sole purpose of praising God, and gaining fresh wisdom and inspiration for His service. Surely Madison Square Garden has never held a nobler company. For each delegate in that throng will be forty-nine others who staid at home. They will come up from thirty different evangelical denominations, from every State and Territory of the Union, from every Province of Canada, and there will be representatives from the societies in Asia, Africa, and Europe—those far-off lands which, after this Convention, are to claim Dr. Clark for a trip around the world in the interests of the Christian Endeavor movement.

What will be the greatest attraction to these twenty-five thousand young men and maidens? Not the meeting with Dr. Clark, the well-beloved founder of the societies, or with Secretary Baer and the honored trustees of the United Society, the men of heart and brain in all evangelical denominations—this will not be the greatest attraction. Nor will it be the oratory of the unexampled body of speakers which the occasion will gather together—men like Hon. W. C. P. Breckinridge, Postmaster-General Wanamaker, Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., Joseph Cook, Rev. Wayland Hoyt, D.D., Rev. Charles F. Deems, D.D., President Merrill E. Gates, LL.D., Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., Rev. Russell H. Conwell, Rev. John Henry Barrows, D.D., Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D.D., Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D., Bishop Samuel Fallows, D.D., John G. Wooley, Mrs. Ballington Booth, and scores of others equally notable. Nor will the greatest attraction be the sweet singing of Mr. Sankey; nothing of all this, much as it will all be enjoyed. The greatest attraction will be the sunrise prayer-meetings and the Sunday evening consecration service.

THE HON. JOHN W. FOSTER, SECRETARY OF STATE.—[SEE PAGE 655.]

This will be a surprising statement to those only who do not know the new movement. The very heart of it, and of these young folks' enthusiasm, lies beating in such meetings as these. Look over the crowded amphitheatre on consecration evening, and you will see a sight that will bring glad tears to your eyes if you are a Christian. Those young faces will be touched with a sacred awe. Those tongues will be submissive to a Pentecostal impulse. Singly and by platoons, now here, now yonder, they will rise, with a hot sentence, a trembling prayer, or a triumphant song. Dozens may speak at once over the wide space. More souls will take part in that meeting than ever took part in a single religious meeting in all the world's history. From that scene will go out all over the world 25,000 lives freshly fired by the Holy Spirit. The contagion will spread. Thousands of homes will be sweetened, thousands of churches strengthened, and thousands of souls newly born into the kingdom because of that single consecration meeting.

What the Christian Endeavor movement has already accomplished, it is impossible to calculate. On Christian Endeavor day yearly thousands of dollars are poured into the missionary treasuries of the various denominations. Last year 82,500 young people, so far as known, joined the churches from these societies. The prayer-meetings of older people have been quickened by a great influx of trained and enthusiastic workers graduated from these societies. Thousands of pastors have received immense comfort and active aid. Churches have been built and enlarged and refurnished. Many reading-rooms have been opened. Many pastorless churches have been held strongly together, the meetings kept up in full vigor until a new pastor could be found. Hundreds of young men have been prompted to take up the gospel ministry or the missionary service. Village and city governments have been purified, and the power of the saloon has been overthrown in places not a few. The study of the Bible has been promoted in many ways. The circulation of religious papers has been largely increased. Many neglected classes, such as sailors, prisoners, Indians, commercial travellers, firemen, soldiers, are being reached more and more. Many novel and very effective ways of working have been discovered.



THE REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D., PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED SOCIETY.

In local and State unions and in national and international conventions the young of the different denominations have been brought together, and have learned to honor each other, to the most marked and decided destruction of sectarian animosities and denominational rivalries. Notwithstanding, these young people are as intensely zealous for the true interests of their denominations as ever Christian was. They work in and for their own denominations, with no outside direction or authority, and no possibility of any. The Christian Endeavor movement has no centre, save in each church, the pastor of that church. The United Society, of Boston, is made up of men from all evangelical denominations, and does nothing but register the societies and distribute information. The society has not been forced on any church. As the pastor, church, and denomination approved of it, they have taken it up. With so little machinery, nevertheless, all this has been done. It is not of human workmanship.

What may be expected of the society in the future? To what size it will grow no man can guess. It ought not to stop until it has bound with its knightly pledge of service every young man and maiden who loves the Lord. What shrewd and bold plans for practical evangelistic, educational, and reformatory work it may invent no man's wit is strong enough to imagine. My thoughts rest with loving interest upon one hope I entertain for this movement. Christendom has a single need—co-operation. As long as its divisions raise their regimental colors above the flag of the whole army, that army will fail of final victory. At home, abroad, in civil frays, in evangelistic campaigns, in treasury, in press, in school, in every place and in every way, Christianity is terribly hampered by the lack of co-operation and good-fellowship among its component bodies. This once removed, Christianity would win the world in a decade. I believe that God has intrusted to these societies of Christian Endeavor a large share in bringing about the federation of Christian sects. There are denominational young people's societies, like the Epworth League, but God will bring even these some time within the interdenominational Christian Endeavor fellowship. I am a Presbyterian, and loyal to that Church, but when I look upon the Christian Endeavor badge that I wear, I am reminded that I belong to Christ's universal flock that has other folds than the Presbyterian. And my faith in the future of my Lord's blessed church everywhere, no less than of my own division of that church, is encouraged whenever I remember that 1,200,000 young people, who are to make the church of the twentieth century, wear that Endeavor badge with me, and with me think that they honor their denomination most when they refuse to place it uppermost in their thoughts and interests, but give it the second place—above that of other denominations, to be sure, but below that of Christ's one kingdom that is to come.

THE INTERNATIONAL CANOE-RACE.

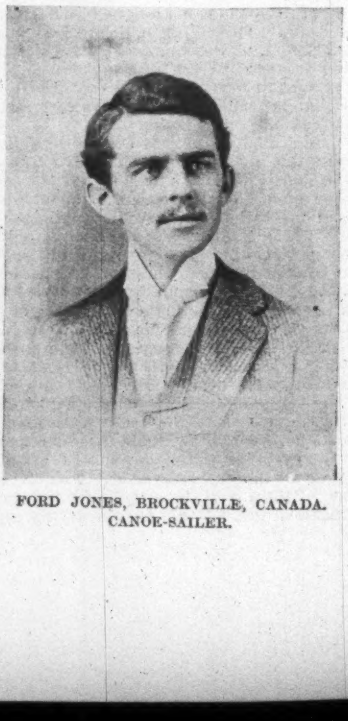
BY C. BOWYER VAUX.

THE first international canoe-race was sailed on New York Bay, two Englishmen and two Americans being entered; the Americans won two heats and the Englishmen one. The New York Canoe Club International Challenge Cup was the prize, and the Royal Canoe Club of London challenged for it. The races sailed on June 22d and 23d by Ford Jones, of Brockville, Canada, and T. S. Oxholm, New York Canoe Club, constituted the fifth series of races sailed for this cup. The second series was sailed in 1888, the challenge coming from the Royal Canoe Club. In 1890 and 1891 Ford Jones tried to win the cup for Canada, but failed each time, and his third attempt resulted in a defeat—Oxholm beating him easily in both heats.

T. S. OXHOLM OF YONKERS.

The course was a triangular one off the New York Canoe Club-house, Bensonhurst Pier, on Gravesend Bay. The distance sailed was nine miles, three times around a three-mile triangle—one leg to windward, one leg a reach, and the third a run before the wind, thus testing the boats on all the sailing-points. The weather was perfect both days, the wind being light on Tuesday and strong on Wednesday; and the course proved satisfactory in every way, free from strong tides and cross currents and clear of any obstructions, the canoes never once being interfered with by larger boats sailing across the course or anchoring in the way.

Oxholm led almost from the start in the first race and gained steadily on every leg of the course, winning with a lead of over nine minutes. The second race was much closer, Oxholm's lead at the finish being about three minutes, and during the race



FORD JONES, BROCKVILLE, CANADA.
CANOE-SAILER.

OXHOLM WINNING IN THE "GLENWOOD."

Jones sailed much faster on several reaches than his adversary.

The easy victory for the American is due to his superior boat, probably to-day the fastest sailing-canoe in the world. Not an error was made by either man, and both boats were sailed "for all they were worth" the whole time. The cup therefore remains in the possession of the New York Canoe Club for another year at least.

Ford Jones is a Canadian from Brockville, Ontario, on the St. Lawrence, twenty-four years old, who has been studying law for two years in Toronto. He passed his final examinations just before coming to New York for the races. There is little or no canoe-racing at Brockville, and Jones sails alone when at home. But the skiff-racing on the St. Lawrence is very popular, and Jones has been an enthusiast in this sport from its birth in 1885, and gets his great skill in a canoe from constant practice with the skiff. He first appeared as a canoe-sailer at the American Canoe Association meet in 1887, and won a good place in the Trophy Race. Since then he has won more races at the canoe meets than any other man, and has three times beaten all comers in the Trophy Race—in 1889, '90, and '91—and now holds that prize. It is the more remarkable that he should be so successful when it is considered that in these days of rapid advance in the science of boat-building all his races have been sailed in *Canuck*, a boat now four years old, and generally considered "behind the times."

T. S. Oxholm is a New-Yorker, twenty-five years old, an engineer by profession in the Department of Public Works, who lives in Yonkers, and does his canoe-sailing on the Hudson in company with several club-men who have made sailing records. Oxholm's first appearance at the A.C.A. meets was in 1890, and he came home from the canoe camp that year with two second sailing prizes. Last year his record was three second prizes and one third out of four races entered. He was next to Jones in the Trophy Race. Besides these prizes he has won many club races, and for three years has been considered one of the coolest and best sailers of canoes in the country.

Glenwood, the canoe sailed by Oxholm, is a new boat, designed and put together by a canoe-builder who does all the work on every canoe he turns out with his own hands. He has been building racing-canoes for six years, and will work only for those canoe-men who can bring him credit by sailing his boats well. His boats have won more races in the last four years than those of any other builder. *Glenwood* is not peculiar in any way. It is a genuine canoe, designed to suit exactly the weight and method of sailing of her owner. The cockpit is very small and boxed in water-tight, so that no water can possibly get into the hold of the canoe, even if she is upset. In fact an upset did happen to Oxholm while jibbing at one of the buoys in a trial race. He righted the canoe by standing on the centre board and prying her up by means of the long sliding-seat, and the entire performance delayed him in the race just thirty seconds.

Glenwood is a far superior canoe to the boats that took part in the first races for the cup, and sails fully twenty-five per cent. faster—in fact she reached a measured mile in less than six minutes, which is at the rate of over ten miles an hour. The sliding-seat has greatly increased the sail-carrying power of canoes, and therefore the speed. But it is curious that practically no improvement has been made in the cutting or rigging of sails. Both *Canuck* and *Glenwood* carried standing sails—sails laced to the mast, which cannot be hoisted or lowered. Similar sails were in use in 1886, and they were quite as good as the present ones. Each canoe has five or six sails of different sizes, and the two most suitable to the weather on the day of the race are used.

It would be in the interest of true sport for some one from Canada to win the cup next year and carry it across the St. Lawrence; racing would be very hot till it was won back again by an American.

WAKE UP!

YES, wake up to the danger which threatens you if your kidneys and bladder are inactive or weak. Don't you know that if you fail to impel them to action, Bright's disease or diabetes awaits you? Use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters without delay. It has a most beneficial effect upon the kidneys when sluggish, and upon the bowels, liver, stomach, and nervous system.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the FOOD BEST SUITED to ALL WEAK and DELICATE conditions of the stomach. It can be easily prepared; with water only, or with condensed milk, when fresh milk cannot be obtained.

OCEAN TRAVELLERS and YACHTSMEN need not be told what a PRECIOUS BOON such a FOOD must OFTEN PROVE.

The "Export Tins" are especially recommended for ship-board, and can be ordered (single packages or in cases of one dozen each) through all druggists and fine grocers. The standard package (single boxes, or in cartons of one-half doz. "Small" and one-third doz. "Large" size) is sold everywhere.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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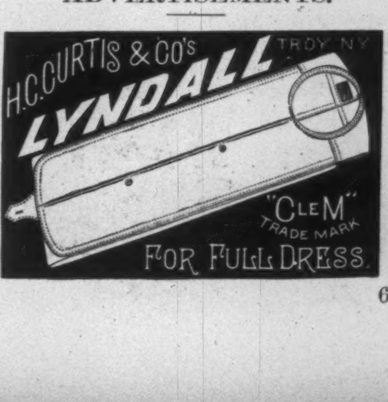

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NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL,
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KILLING CATTLE FOR TWO CONTINENTS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

In view of our national struggle to secure the readmission of American pork to the markets of Europe, the great stock-yards of Chicago have become interesting to the whole world. And well may we call them interesting, since hardly any product of American conditions more thoroughly typifies our national enterprise and ingenuity. The slaughtering and packing industry of the country is now mainly carried on in four Western cities, and Chicago is at the head of these. Her Union Stock-yards are five and a half miles from the City Hall, in the middle of the city. They comprise 320 acres, dotted with buildings and covered with the fenced pens that confine the cattle. The place is a sort of city in itself, and has 20 miles of streets or alleys between the pens, 20 miles of water-troughs, 50 miles of feeding-troughs, and 75 miles of water and drainage pipes. The plant cost $4,000,000, and the various packing companies have invested there at least $10,000,000. Twenty trunk-line railways roll their cars upon the net-work of tracks by which the yard is served.

During the early morning hours the scene of unloading beeves, sheep, and pigs from the cars of the Western railroads is a busy one. During the afternoon the cars of the Eastern railroads are laden with the dressed and canned meat that is to be sent to the Eastern cities and the seaboard. The Stock-yards Company owns the railway tracks, and charges toll for the use of them. The pens when filled will hold 15,000 sheep, 20,000 cattle, and 120,000 pigs. All the live-stock comes consigned to commission-men, who make the sales, which go on all day long, and which are marked by methods that have been gradually simplified to a most extraordinary degree. In an incredibly short time the buyers have rejected what animals they do not want, have accepted others, have seen the herds weighed like magic upon patent live-stock scales, and have had a scale or weight ticket issued by the Stock-yards Company presented for payment as if it were a formal bill. By an arrangement with the bank, these tickets are in a simple manner made to serve as checks. In the classification of the qualities of cattle the first class is that whose meat is fit to send to the Eastern cities and to Europe.

The place is not beautiful, but neither is it dirty. Its atmosphere suggests to the nasal organs confused recollections of the circuses, menageries, and stables of former acquaintance. Cowboy riders dashing about on spunky little horses lend especial picturesqueness to all the out-door scenes, and the pitiful bleating of the sheep and cries of the cattle give a pathetic tone to the thoughts of the visitor.

After a long walk past endless rows of pens one comes to the central buildings, mainly given up to brokers' offices, and fronting on a little consumptive-looking patch of grass. All along the curb and elsewhere near by are horses, tethered usually to rings in the broad sidewalk. Their soft-hatted drivers, carrying big cruel-looking bull goads, are loafing near the buildings, and on the horses are noticed saddles with big pommels and dangling wooden stirrups—the contributions of ancient Spain to modern Chicago. Beyond are great buildings that seem to be floored with live sheep, each animal showing a black initial letter, presumably put on its wool with paint. Other sheep in moving droves pave certain alleys that are come upon. Over and across the wide vista of stock-pens are seen men bumping up and down in the most mysterious manner. They are presumably on horseback, but their horses can't be seen.

A change comes o'er the scene. Some railway tracks are crossed, and the sight-seer stands in the thick of a cluster of packing-houses. From out of a doorway under a phenomenally long porch come huge sides of red and white beef, shot out as if from a multiple cannon. These great weights of meat hang from pulleys that run upon a track overhead, and they swing along one after another as boards are turned out of a saw-mill, and with force enough to toss the men who are paid to guide them as if the men were jackstraws. These junks of meat were moving in the pens a short while before; now they are being loaded into refrigerator cars. In this building the cattle are being turned into butcher's meat. I saw two fat and comfortable steers coming out of an alley, and was told that they were trained to lead the other cattle to the foot of an inclined and enclosed gangway, there to turn and leave them, while the other brutes went on and up the walk to the slaughter-pens. That is earning their living—and an honest one—with a vengeance!

I saw that the beeves were driven into pens, and that men ran along or stood over them on planks laid across the tops of the pens. I saw that they jabbed and prodded the poor beasts into the right position for their purpose, and then that they felled them with crushing blows of hammers upon their skulls. Then the doors of the pens were thrown open, chains were fastened about the hind legs of the unconscious beasts, and they were swung up so that they hung upon a trolley running on a single overhead rail. Silently and methodically the slaughterers walked along and gashed their throats, and the mysterious red essence of life was flung with drenching volume on the slippery floor. Rapidly, far more rapidly than the reader would believe unless he had seen it done, the carcasses are sent back to the next and the next and the next set of operatives to have their hides taken off—so skilfully that they fetch more than any other hides discarded by any other butchers in the world—to have their entrails removed, to have their heads and hoofs taken off, to be split and washed, and to be sent swinging along to the cooling rooms. Silence, skill, expedition, these were the characteristics of all the labor in that murderous place.

Everything—without particularizing too closely—every single thing that appertains to a slaughtered beef is sold and put to use. The horns become the horn of commerce; the straight lengths of leg bone go to the cutlery-makers and others; the guts become sausage casings; their contents make fertilizing material; the livers, hearts, tongues, and tails, and the stomachs, that become tripe, all are sold over the butchers' counters of the nation; the knuckle bones are ground up into bone flour for various uses; the blood is dried and sold as a powder for commercial uses; the bladders are dried and sold to druggists, tobacconists, and others; the fat goes into oleomargarine, and from the hoofs and feet and other parts come glue and oil and fertilizing ingredients. Over the slaughter-house I found a series of rooms heaped full of bones and horns. The bones had been boiled to get the fat of the marrow as well as to clean them. Then they had been dried and shaken about until they were as smooth and clean as cotton spools. The knuckle joints had been cut off them, and one room was filled with the ground-up flour of those parts. The white and pretty bones that remained were to be shipped to Connecticut, England, and Germany, to be worked into knife-handles, fan-handles, tooth-brush handles, backs for nail-brushes, sides for pen-knives, and into button-hook handles, shirt-studs, cuff-buttons, and so on, *ad infinitum*. What was to become of the horns was still more astonishing. By heating them and then tapping them skilfully, the operatives had loosened the soft cellular filling which solidifies and strengthens each horn. The substance around this, between it and the inner surface of the horn, goes for glue; the rest is ground up into bone-meal. The horns were then to be sent to the makers of horn goods, who, by cutting each horn skilfully and then pressing it between heavy rollers, manage to spread each one out into a flat ribbon. In this shape it can be used in a thousand ways. The artificers who do this work cut each horn spirally, so that it becomes a tight curl capable of being straightened out. By immense pressure the curve is taken out of it. Good horns sell at $125 a ton. It is by such thorough economy and ingenuity—by losing nothing and wasting nothing—that the great firms in this business have monopolized their field. A small butcher in the East cannot kill his meat and market it in competition with the stock-yards packers, because he must waste what they save and sell.

I made a tour of the refrigerating or cooling rooms. They are kept at a temperature of 36°, I believe. Yet, when the meat fresh from the slaughter is railroaded into such a room, the animal heat in it warms the room for a considerable time, and fills it with steam as with a fog. Once it is cooled, the sides of beef are firm and hard and almost appetizing. Everywhere, except at the actual scene of slaughter, these houses and the work in them are clean and above criticism. While I looked on, they were killing four beeves a minute, or 250 in every hour. There were slaughtered in those stock-yards during 1890 no less than 2,219,312 head of cattle, more than 1,000,000 sheep, and 5,733,082 hogs.

The hog-killing is done in a very much more peculiar manner than the slaughtering of the cattle. In the catching-pen are many hogs. Let us follow one. The catcher snaps a chain around one leg, and hooks the loose end of the chain to the trolley. The hog swings out of the pen to where a butcher stands on a grating. The butcher, with a deft thrust, cuts the animal to the heart, and death is practically instantaneous. The dead body swings along to be loosened over a vat of scalding water, into which it plunges. Other bodies are there, and the water is loosening their bristles. Suddenly a great rake scoops out a hog, and it falls upon a runway, where a chain that is hooked to its nose pulls it through a steam-scraper. The knives of this machine are set at every angle, and miss no part of the hide on the body.

Once out of the reach of the scraper a number of men pass the body along, and remove every bristle and speck that was missed. Then the body, still travelling along, is washed with a hose and its head is all but cut off. Next it is disembowelled. Then the lard is removed, the head is cut off, the tongue is taken out, and the body is split and passed along to the cooling-rooms. Again everything is saved. The blood is turned into albumen for photographers' uses, is sold to sugar-refiners, and is turned into fertilizing powder. The bristles go to brush-makers, shoemakers, and upholsterers. The fat is valuable in many forms, the intestines become sausage casings, the livers, lungs, and hearts are minced up into sausage meat, and parts of the meat of the heads make up into head-cheese. The feet are canned or pickled, or worked up in the lard tanks. The last that I saw of the hogs was in a vast cold cellar, where men were salting and turning sides of pork that were so numerous as to form mounds and walls much as one sees boards piled up in a lumber-yard.

As I passed out of the yards some one handed a card to me. It contained a record of the business of one firm, the leading one of the "big four" packing concerns. It showed that during the year ending April 1, 1891, that company transacted sales of $66,000,000 worth of meat and other goods. It killed 712,000 cattle, 1,714,000 hogs, and nearly 500,000 sheep. It employed 7900 persons, and paid nearly $4,000,000 in wages. It owned 2250 refrigerator cars and 50 acres of buildings. It made 7,000,000 pounds of glue and 9500 tons of fertilizer. I suspect that its hogs and sheep and boxes of glue and sides of beef and cans of meat may stretch out, if piled one on the other, from here to the moon, but I leave the calculation to others, satisfying myself with the reflection that America is great, and Chicago is its prophet.

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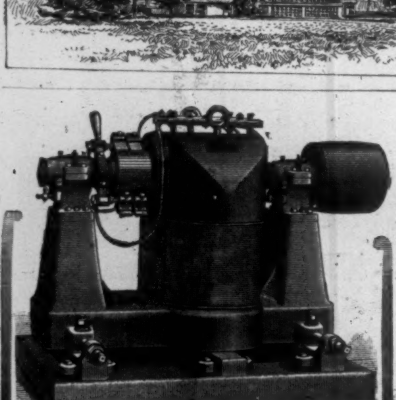
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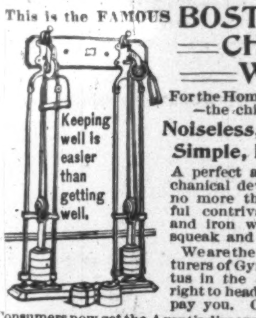

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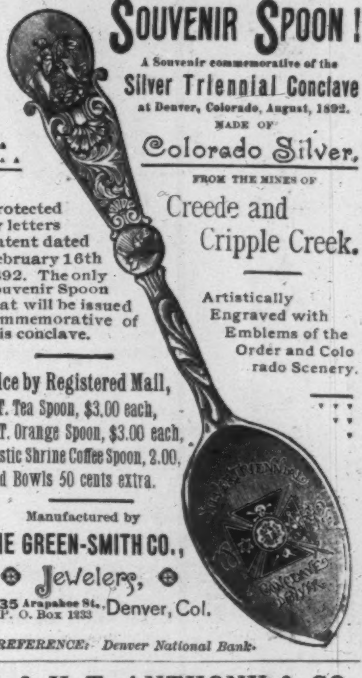

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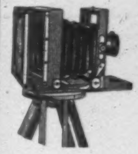

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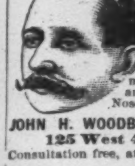

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